

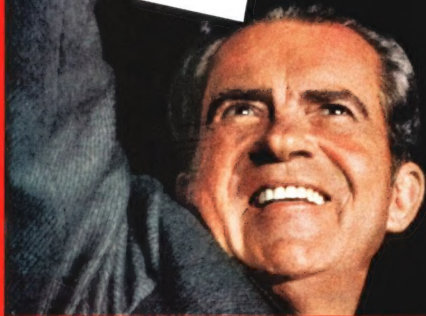
FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 20, 1972

TIME

LANDSLIDE

Prospects
for the
Second Term



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Ralph P. Davidson



McManus

Pictured on this page are the editors, writers and reporter-researchers responsible for TIME's election coverage. Starting work at 6 p.m. Election Day, they worked on through the night monitoring returns from the major contests and analyzing the reports of correspondents across the country in order to meet this issue's early deadline.



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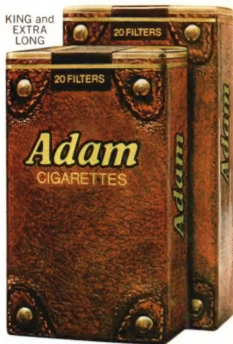
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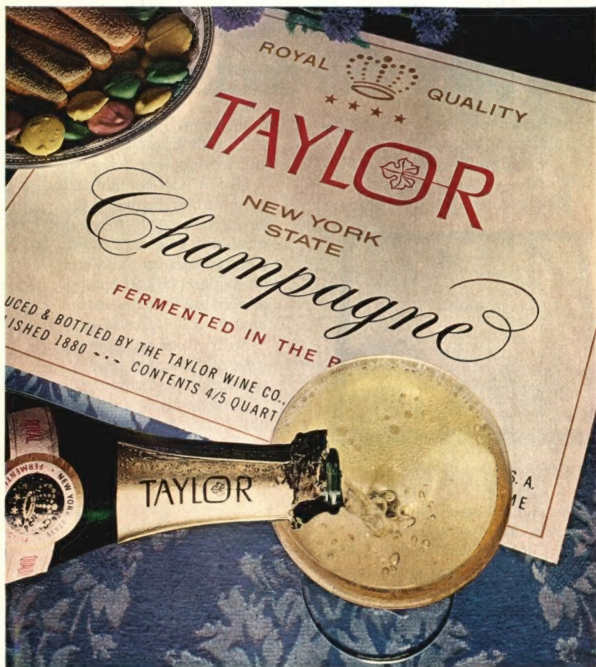
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Or do you?

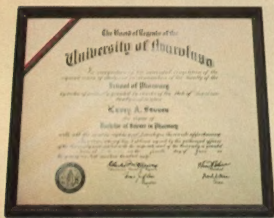
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he dispenses seems to cost too
much. But if we really check
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effective role is that of a



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LETTERS

Toward Peace

Sir / For Man of the Year: Dr. Henry A. Kissinger [Oct. 30], who realizes that balance-of-power politics and long-range planning is really what it's all about. What diplomacy, sagacity, steadiness, knowledge, eloquence and, with it all, a sense of humor. What a well-chosen man for such a difficult task.

KATHLEEN F. OWEN
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Sir / Peace in Viet Nam. It's amazing what a blockade can do.

RALPH GEORGE GROSS
Durham, N.H.

Sir / It took long-haired kids, campus riots, Gene McCarthy and finally George McGovern to force Richard Nixon to come out and opt for finally ending the war.

WALTER BRENNER
Cherokee, Iowa

Twaddle about Pornography

Sir / As to "California Cleans" [Oct. 23], my first reaction to the article was: What a fantastic country! People write twaddle about pornography as if it could destroy the whole nation, while they accept and defend a system that makes it possible for every potential murderer to carry a gun. I have tried to understand this situation, but I can't.

SØREN LEISVIG
Tastrup, Denmark

Sir / Your report on California's Proposition 18 concerning obscenity made reference to Pat Boone as Mr. Clean because he favored passage of the proposition. For truly unbiased journalism, should you not also have referred to John Wayne as Mr. Dirty because he is opposed? Our country needs more outspoken men with Pat Boone's morals and fewer magazines and entertainers who poke fun at him.

MR. & MRS. KENNETH L. WEBSTER
Liberal, Kans.

Sir / Liberals who cry about the public's apathy toward the immorality of the Watergate affair and the Viet Nam War should realize that their condoning of court decisions allowing pornography to run rampant have contributed greatly to this apathy. Why should a society that tolerates and encourages the immorality of pornography care at all that its immorality may exist in our national Government, so long as it has "redeeming social value."

N.A. MASTROPIETRO, M.D.
Lancaster, Pa.

Sir / The founding fathers wrote wisely and well when they said "no law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

"No law" does not mean some law about some things. It does not mean no law except for materials violating community standards. The primary purpose of the First Amendment is to protect materials violating community standards; other materials do not need the First Amendment.

FRANKLINE K. AMENY
Washington, D.C.

Jackie Robinson's Search

Sir / I met Jackie Robinson [Nov. 6] once. I was hitchhiking and he stopped.

It took me a moment; the gray hair and the business suit were unfamiliar, but the

boyish voice was unmistakable. I blurted out, "You're Jackie Robinson! I used to love you."

It was impossible, of course, not to ask this man about baseball and the Dodgers of Ebbets Field. During the 30-minute ride, I tried to get some small idea of the real life in all that.

And then quite abruptly, and strangely, given my initial gush and my baseball questions, our conversation turned to what was on his mind. This was in 1967; his son was home from Viet Nam and having trouble with drugs. It was a situation he didn't understand, a mystery. I remember that his voice wasn't as boyish or incisive as he reasoned with his anxiety.

I almost thought this man, this great man, was asking me for an answer. But I was too exuberant to think of one and launched into an account of my own present situation and accomplishments. It took me a moment to see and regret my stupidity, and the last few miles of our ride together went by in an uneasy silence. All I could do was say goodbye to Jackie Robinson and thank him for the ride.

LISTON POPE JR.
New York City

The First Goal

Sir / As a former teacher, I find it not so unusual that the Holy Angels parochial school [Oct. 30] is both strict and successful. By defying nervous modern educational theories, Holy Angels has proved that a strict and structured environment can and does lead to successful learning. Its remarkable results speak for themselves. The 1,300 students at Holy Angels may not embark on such cloudy voyages as groping for self-realization (a common goal of our professed modern educators), but they are learning to read and write. And shouldn't that be education's first goal?

(MRS.) KAREN HABRA
Fishkill, N.Y.

Sir / Bravo, Father Clements! You are resurrecting a school system that they can't wait to bury here in the affluent white suburbs. If I were in the Chicago suburbs I swear I'd bus my children to your school.

MARY ZUCCARINI
Boston

Insulted

Sir / On behalf of 20 million gay women and men in America, many of whom—until now—have been TIME readers, I take strong objection to your review of the film *Heat* [Oct. 16], which was described by Jay Cocks as "a faggot rehash of *Sunset Boulevard*." Your use of such abusive terms as "faggot" cannot be tolerated.

RICH WANDEL
President
Gay Activists Alliance
New York City

Gutlessness?

Sir / I was more than a little discouraged to read in "Rebellious Youth" [Oct. 30] that more than 80% of this year's entries in *Who's Who Among American High School Students* approve of President Nixon's policies. Those policies have sanctioned the pushbutton killing and maiming of thousands in Indochina. Let's hope these possible future leaders reassess their priorities

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- From evidence of fossil skulls and bone fragments, it appears that Africa may have been the birthplace of mankind, almost 2 million years ago.
- Three insect villains were largely responsible for keeping Africa a dark unknown continent for many years: the anopheles mosquito, the tsetse fly, and locusts.



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indi and Zanzibar awed early European explorers with their teeming and colorful life...their great temples, mosques and fortresses.

More noble than savage, more spiritual than pagan

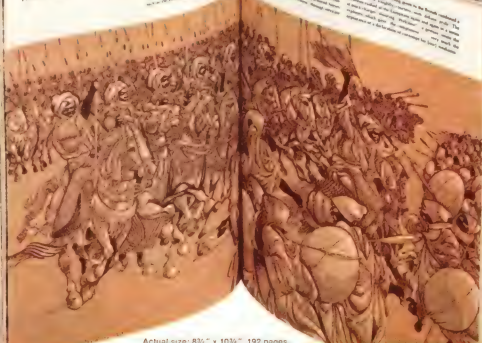
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LETTERS

in the next few years. Our tomorrows must not be manipulated by those who value so-called patriotism more than human life.

TINA LUSKEY
Stanford, Calif.

Sir / You people must be joking! Many of the kids selected for *Who's Who* are chosen by their high school counselors and/or principals. These kids would be outwardly more conservative—I dare say, out of fear rather than conviction, or as a means of "making friends and influencing people." Harsh words? Well, I was guilty of the same thing, and am not exactly proud of my previous gutlessness.

NANCY SHARTS
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir / In reference to your figures on high school youths' opinions: You suggested that the students might have simply learned how to answer questionnaires. I suggest that the persons choosing *Who's Who* have simply learned to whom to give the questionnaires.

BRUCE ROSEN
Madison, N.J.

Priority for the Voter

Sir / Have you ever wondered what it is like to be out of the country during an election year? I am a 17-year-old American who is presently studying for ten weeks in Paris along with nine other girls. These girls represent every part of the United States. Many American voters consider it wrong or meaningless to have given 18-year-olds the privilege of voting. Granted, many Americans, including the youth, do not value their vote as they should. But here in France I am proud to say, "I am an American citizen."

Some of the girls were worried about receiving their absentee ballots in time to vote, and Jane went so far as to send a telegram to her town's county clerk's office to

make sure they hadn't forgotten her as a new voter. One evening we were going to visit one of France's landmarks, but Karen did not accompany us because she was busy reading so she could be an "informed" voter. If anyone purchased magazines, there was a standing rule that voters had first priority in reading them in the hope that they would include election news.

I am absolutely convinced that the U.S. took a step forward when 18-year-olds were given the vote.

SUSAN E. KIVETT
Paris

Strange Implication

Sir / Re the brief character sketch in *Milestones*, in which the Most Rev. James A. McNulty [Sept. 18] was described as "iron-willed," "hot-tempered" and "conservative." I can understand the use of the term "iron-willed" rather than the more charitable "firm." I can understand the label "conservative." What amazed, angered and grieved me (in that order) was to read of a man who was in reality characterized by gentleness, patience under attack and genuine long-suffering without complaint described as "hot-tempered."

And what a strange implication—by the use of the word "nonetheless"—that there is something unusual about a conservative who "nonetheless" cares for the poor.

MISTER MARY DOLORIS OSI
Williamsville, N.Y.

A \$500 Scream

Sir / Re Tim's article on New York's law on noise pollution [Oct. 23]: The next time one of you is a victim of a purse snatcher or mugger while walking through Central Park, watch your decibels while screaming, or you may be fined \$500. Shape up, New York, and use that \$800,000 to help rid the streets and parks of crime.

WILLIAM A. ALVORD
Miami

Shocked and Disgusted

Sir / As an admirer of Neil Diamond, I was shocked and disgusted by the disrespect shown to him when Ethel Kennedy poured beer on his head at the McGovern-Shriver fund-raising picnic [Oct. 30].

Neil Diamond as an artist has earned the respect of millions of people throughout the world, and in my opinion Mrs. Kennedy was way out of line.

VIC TOR WISOKI
La Mesa, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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Happy Mother's Day.

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THE NATION

THE ELECTION

After the Landslide: Nixon's Mandate

THE rumble of the landslide was heard early. Even as the polls were closing down in the East, the first projections—68% for the President in Tennessee, 61% in Kentucky—began to delineate the proportions of Richard Nixon's political and personal triumph. By the end of the comparatively brief Election Night a few hours later, the President had all but 17 of the nation's 538 electoral votes, taking 49 states with 60.7% of the vote, v. 37.7% for George McGovern. It was the greatest popular vote for a President in the nation's history (see box, opposite).

In the predawn speech with which he accepted the Democratic nomination last July, George McGovern quoted from a Woody Guthrie song: "This land is your land, This land is my land, / From California to the New York island." The words might come back to him now with a bitter ring. The land, from the redwood forest to the Gulf-stream waters, "pretty much belonged to Richard Nixon. Hawaii, which had never gone Republican, wound up in the President's column. For the first time in a hundred years, Arkansas went

Republican. The G.O.P. took Pennsylvania for the first time since 1956. Only Massachusetts and the District of Columbia saved McGovern from the humiliation of suffering the first electoral shutout in modern American history.

It was a stunning culmination of a strange political year. The Republicans might claim a massive mandate from the people, the endorsement of a "new Republican majority" in the nation, but it was not exactly that. With widespread ticket splitting, for example, the G.O.P. fell far short of its goal of gaining control of Congress. In the House, the Republicans picked up only 12 seats. In the Senate, where they needed five to claim a majority, the G.O.P. lost two seats. The Democrats made a net gain of one governorship.

Something more complicated was occurring than the presidential landslide indicated. In one sense, America had clearly swung toward conservatism and Nixon may take the vote as an essentially conservative mandate. According to Political Analyst Daniel Yankelovich, commissioned by TIME to conduct in-depth surveys of the American voters' moods, some 40% of Americans now see themselves as "conservative," and they are divided about equally between the Democrats and Republicans. Last year at this time, only a quarter described themselves thus, while the rest saw themselves as either middle-of-the-roads (about half) or

liberals (about one-quarter). But this does not mean, as Yankelovich sees it, that America has shifted toward an old-fashioned, doctrinaire conservatism. The conservative trend was emotional, not, by any means, against all change, but against change seen as too rash, too

NIXON AFTER 1962 LOSS TO PAT BROWN



This issue went to press several days ahead of schedule in order to bring TIME readers comprehensive election coverage as quickly as possible

irresponsible. Race was a hidden but related issue: many voters associated the economic pinch not with the war or massive defense spending but with welfare, with social programs that they felt were excessive in their concern for blacks and other minorities. Nixon played on this with his continued attacks on the "welfare ethic," which in a sense was to the '72 drive what "law-and-order" was to the '68 campaign. The nation's mood coming out of the '60s was predominantly one of truculent complacency, rediscovered material comfort, a weariness with those who criticized the U.S., a continued fondness for the old values and much of the old politics. Last spring and summer, with the rise of the McGovern movement, some journalists and politicians believed that somehow the center had fallen out of American politics, that a new and crucial mood of alienation had taken hold far beyond the young and the minorities. But as the election proved, the center remains very much alive.

Confidence. It may be that Nixon would have won no matter whom the Democrats had nominated. Last May, well before the Democratic Convention, the President was riding a 61% vote of confidence in a Gallup poll—and the figure virtually matched his Election Day mandate. No incumbent President since Hoover, guillotined by the Depression, has ever been defeated. Moreover, Yankelovich believes that the critical moment of the 1972 campaign occurred when the Russians decided to go ahead with the Moscow summit conference even after the President had announced the mining of Haiphong harbor and escalated the bombing. Many Americans then concluded that the danger from Viet Nam was over. If the as yet unfulfilled promise of an imminent peace settlement was beginning to raise doubts in the electorate in the last days of the campaign, that anxiety was still too vague and inchoate to make any difference for McGovern.

Still, almost any other big-league Democrat—Hubert Humphrey or Edmund Muskie or Edward Kennedy—would probably have come closer than McGovern. For against all earlier theories that the famously unloved President might be beaten in a personality contest, it was McGovern himself who became the issue of 1972. Not Nixon, or the economy, or Watergate and ITT or any other political "dirty tricks" that swirled malodourously on the fringes of the campaign. If, as Henry Adams said, "man as a force must be measured by motion from a fixed point," McGovern had come a very long and forceful way in the 22 months since he began his once quixotic crusade. But after his primary triumphs, his masterfully engineered victory in Miami Beach, the shadows of confusion and mistrust descended. He never succeeded in shaking his image of indecisive radicalism. Many voters

Comparing Landslides

GORGE WASHINGTON swept every state both times he ran. James Monroe did it in 1820, when the roster of states had grown to 24.

Until Nixon, there were only three truly monumental landslides in 20th-century America.

► Warren Harding in 1920 captured 60.3% of the vote in defeating James Cox. He won 404 to 127 in electoral votes and lost only eleven states.

► Franklin Roosevelt in 1936 took 60.8% of the popular vote and lost only eight electoral votes

(Maine and Vermont) out of 531 to All Landon.

► Lyndon Johnson in 1964 won 61.1% of the vote, with 486 electoral votes to Goldwater's 52.

Thus, with 97% of the precincts counted, Nixon's 60.7% of the popular vote nearly equaled L.B.J.'s record. Nixon took 521 of a possible 538 electors, a performance exceeded only by F.D.R.'s 523 out of 531. He matched Roosevelt's record of losing only two states; indeed, he might well argue that he surpassed it since he lost only one state plus the District of Columbia and had two more to capture, as Roosevelt's arena contained only 48 states.



DOWNCAST MCGOVERN DELIVERS CONCESSION SPEECH AS FAMILY WATCHES
Moralizing sermons and an almost Manichaean message.

obviously cast their ballots not primarily because they admired Nixon but because they feared McGovern. This was perhaps reflected in the turnout: only 56% of the potential electorate, the lowest percentage since 1948. As the inevitable seemed to close in, the South Dakota preacher's son rose up with brittle, moralizing sermons and an almost Manichaean message of light against darkness. He seemed, at last, to be the wrong candidate at the wrong time, in part the invention of liberal chic, a man who seemed disastrously out of his political league.

Always the McGovernites cherished a forlorn hope that they could somehow draw the President out into open combat where, they believed, the abrasive old Nixon would betray himself. But given the reassurance of the polls, given his sense of being in tune with the national mood, the President had no reason to climb down from his posture of statesmanship. Nixon's per-

sonal appearances amounted to the most insubstantial noncampaign of modern times—except for F.D.R.'s third and fourth campaigns—a ritual of token radio addresses, a scattering of actual campaign trips. His highly effective re-election staff, his ubiquitous surrogates, carried the day.

By 10:40 on Election Night, after watching the returns in a suite at a Holiday Inn, McGovern, his wife Eleanor and four daughters were driven to the Sioux Falls Coliseum. The disconsolate crowd aroused itself for some last choruses of "We want George." Smiling and self-possessed, McGovern delivered a gracious concession. Said he in a telegram to the President: "I hope that in the next four years you will lead us to a time of peace abroad and justice at home. You have my full support in such efforts."

Minutes later, speaking from the Oval Office, Nixon reflected on his triumph. "We are united Americans,"



PUERTO RICANS VOTING IN NEW YORK CITY



COLLEGE VOTERS WAITING OUTSIDE BOSTON POLLING PLACE

he declared. "North, East, West and South..." It was just ten years to the day that he had stalked angrily out of a Los Angeles press conference after his defeat in the California gubernatorial race, telling reporters, "You won't have Richard Nixon to kick around any more." In Henry Adams' terms, Nixon had come very far indeed; and Election Night of 1972, the end of his last campaign after 26 years in politics, was his sweetest victory.

Driving to Washington's Shoreham Hotel, he found the ballroom awash with the faithful whose cheers of "Four more years" blended with the band's *Hail to the Chief*. Looking as relaxed as he ever has on a public occasion, Nixon observed contentedly: "I've never known a national election when I could go to bed earlier."

Anomaly. The question of a mandate will persist. Will the election of 1972 be remembered as an extravagant anomaly, an essentially reluctant landslide? McGovern, who had profoundly misread the temper of the American people, seized what is still the majority party and drove millions of Democrats, many of them unwillingly, to Nixon. But many are uneasy there as well, and it is not likely that they will find a permanent home there. Thus Nixon's mandate is indeed major, but, like all democratic mandates, conditional. He has temporarily taken the center away from the Democrats, and it remains to be seen how long he can hold it: after the Viet Nam War, the test should be those bread-and-butter, pragmatic issues that the post-McGovern Democrats will undoubtedly try to reassert. In a curious way the President may find that the very fact of his landslide may make Americans doubly watchful and critical of his performance in the next four years—something that should be reinforced by the Democratic Congress. It is, for Nixon, an only slightly mitigated triumph and a momentous opportunity.

THE VOTE

Splintering the Great Coalition

PRESIDENT Nixon's massive victory splintered a once dominant force in national politics: the Democratic coalition. Welded together by the despair of the Depression and the charisma of Franklin D. Roosevelt, it consisted of an unlikely amalgam of minorities: Southern whites, Jews, "ethnic" blue-collar workers, blacks and campus-oriented intellectuals. Despite the disparate backgrounds and views of these blocs, the coalition was remarkably durable. It produced 20 consecutive years of Democratic Administrations, survived the virtually unbeatable heroic appeal and victories of Dwight Eisenhower, and regrouped to elect John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Severely split by the riotous Chicago convention in 1968, it began to reunite in the last weeks of that campaign and fell just short of putting Hubert Humphrey in the White House. But in 1972, while the coalition held much of its strength in electing Democrats to Congress and the statehouses, it came completely apart at the seams in the presidential election.

The fragmentation of the coalition was assured by the nomination of George McGovern. The resulting disaster was clearly foreseen by Kevin Phillips, author of *The Emerging Republican Majority*, who believes that the nomination "locked" the Democratic Party into the "new left side." In a remarkably prescient assessment, he wrote that "the Democratic Party is going to pay heavily for having become the party of affluent professionals, knowledgeable industry executives, social-cause activists and minorities of various sexual, racial, chronological and

*Including Italians, Slavs and other Southern and Eastern Europeans—most of them Catholic.

other hues." Indeed, the convention that nominated McGovern in Miami Beach may itself have impressed that change on the voters and put the election out of George McGovern's reach.

While speakers in Miami repeatedly stressed that the Democratic Convention, because of the "McGovern rules," was the first that was truly representative of Democratic voters, much of the public got another impression. The party seemed to be largely composed of antiwar radicals, militant women, blacks and eccentric youths. For the first time in 40 years, white Southerners, ethnics, many Jews and older voters could not identify with the Democratic Party leadership.

To assess the impact of McGovern's candidacy on traditionally Democratic voting blocs, *TIME* correspondents across the nation kept a close watch on carefully selected representative precincts on Election Night. The precinct voting percentages (compared with 1968 figures) and interviews with voters clearly point to the magnitude of the damage done to the Democratic coalition:

ETHNIC BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS: A startling switch to the G.O.P.

After giving Humphrey a substantial margin in 1968, many of the ethnics rejected McGovern this year. Angered by his support of legalized abortion, his attitude toward drugs, his proposed "surrender" to Communist North Viet Nam and amnesty for draft dodgers, these lower- and middle-class Catholic voters deserted the Democratic national ticket in record numbers, contributing significantly to Nixon's margins in the industrial Northern states. The ethnic exodus from the

Democratic fold was further hastened by McGovern's stands on welfare, busing and other civil rights issues that directly affect the neighborhoods and jobs of white working-class voters. Nixon, on the other hand, aimed his campaign directly at the hyphenated Americans, appearing at several ethnic functions to stress his opposition to busing and the welfare "giveaway" and his dedication to the work ethic. The effort paid off. For the first time in its 28-year history, for example, the Polish American Congress's Ohio division endorsed a Republican presidential candidate. The results also showed at the polls. In Cleveland's 23rd Ward, which is 80% Slovene and blue-collar, Humphrey in 1968 captured 53% of the vote to Nixon's 24% (Wallace got 23%). This time, however, Nixon won a clear majority over McGovern, 57% to 41%.

THE BLACKS: Still solidly Democratic.

Across the nation, blacks were the only group in the old Democratic coalition that voted overwhelmingly for George McGovern. Blacks stood to gain the most from McGovern's programs. They were embittered at being virtually ignored by the Republican presidential campaign— at no time did Nixon campaign in a black neighborhood—and felt that Nixon's anti-busing views were directed against them. Furthermore, the black division of the Committee to Re-Elect the President seemed to confine its efforts to winning the votes of higher-income black homeowners. Yet despite all that, blacks apparently found it more difficult to identify with McGovern than they had with Humphrey four years ago. In Memphis, for example, only 1.6% of the low-income blacks in Precinct One, Ward 14 voted for Nixon in 1968. This year the percentage increased to 9.9%. McGovern suffered a similar drop-off* in Roxbury, Boston's black ghetto. There Nixon received only 4.5% of the vote in the last election, but took 13.3% on Tuesday. A more substantial decline in Chicago's black Democratic vote helped defeat Cook County Prosecutor Edward Hanrahan (who organized the controversial raid on Black Panther headquarters in 1969). It also badly shook the entrenched Democratic machine of Mayor Richard Daley.

THE JEWS: Still Democratic, but slipping away.

Richard Nixon received only 15% of the Jewish vote in 1968, but this year captured nearly 40%, the largest percentage ever won by a Republican candidate. Part of Nixon's impressive gain was due to his Administration's strong support of Israel, but even more decisive was a widespread distrust of

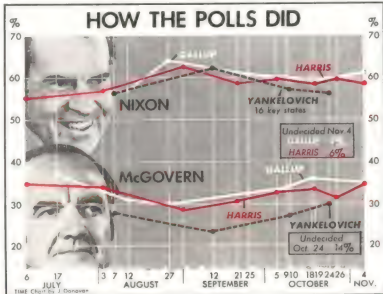
McGovern among Jews. In pressing for job quotas for minorities, McGovern alienated Jews who remember when quotas were used against them; the suggestion also seemed directly to threaten Jews currently employed as teachers and civil servants in numbers far exceeding their proportion of the population. Wealthier Jews were alarmed by McGovern's economic proposals, while middle- and lower-class Jews resented his busing stand and his apparent catering to the blacks who are moving into their neighborhoods. The results were apparent in Chicago's 42nd Precinct, 50th Ward, which has a heavy majority of upper-middle-class Jews. In 1968 the precinct gave Richard Nixon 20% of its vote. This year it was 35%. In Miami's Precinct 148, largely populated by older, retired Jews, Nixon boosted his percentage from 16% to nearly 37%. In New York City, where the President captured 15% of the Jewish vote in 1968, he received more than 50% in some precincts of the borough of Queens and averaged 39% citywide.

THE YOUNG: Less help than expected for McGovern.

McGovern strategists had counted

heavily on piling up a huge majority among the nation's 25 million potential 18-to-21-year-old voters: some talked optimistically of a plurality as high as 3.5 million. But the results, as well as polls taken shortly before the election, seem to show that McGovern fell far short of his goal—even among college students, who compose only 30% of the new voters. Indeed, at a Republican victory rally in Washington on Election Night, President Nixon told a cheering crowd: "We won a majority of the votes of young America." McGovern's mishandled and drawn-out abandonment of Thomas Eagleton and his belated attempts to patch up differences with old-line political leaders cost him the votes of many of his previously rabid college supporters. A Gallup poll taken a month before the election showed that McGovern's lead over Nixon on college campuses was a mere 49% to 47%.

Those results were not surprising to Warren Miller, head of the University of Michigan's national electoral studies program. Many politicians had made what he called "the simple-minded extrapolation that youth is radical and therefore it will vote very liberal or radical. Well, somebody forgot all



Despite the usual election-year carping over public-opinion surveys, the nation's major pollsters came out of this year's election with their records for accuracy burnished. As far back as July, Louis Harris had George McGovern trailing President Nixon by 20 points. The Harris and George Gallup polls in August showed McGovern dropping off sharply with the impact of Tom Eagleton's departure from the ticket and the messy selection of a new running mate. The Daniel Yankelovich Poll of 16 key states for TIME and

the New York Times had McGovern at 28% early in August. All three polls showed McGovern gaining slightly during October, but still unable to narrow the gap. The final survey results were well within the acceptable 3% margin of error.

After apportioning the leaning but undecided votes, Harris came in with 61% for Nixon and 39% McGovern; Gallup had Nixon at 62% and McGovern 38%. An undecided-adjusted late sampling taken by Yankelovich brought his final figures to 60% and 40%.

*As he did among New York City's Puerto Rican, whose Democratic presidential vote in one Bronx district dropped from 85% in 1968 to 75%.

about Western Illinois University and Washington State and Pepperdine. Radical students are a very small slice of the action."

That seemed to be the case in a precinct in Tuscaloosa, Ala., which has a large student population from the University of Alabama. That voting unit gave Nixon 65% to McGovern's 35%. However, McGovern did score well in many other college areas. In a Chapel Hill, N.C., precinct, he took 65% of the vote, cast largely by students and faculty from the nearby University of North Carolina. To no one's surprise, San Francisco's Precinct 224, near the campus of radically oriented San Francisco State College, gave McGovern an impressive 68.7% to Nixon's 28%.

THE SOUTH: Solid Republican now.

In the face of the combined opposition of George Wallace and Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey won only one Southern state (Texas) in 1968 and gathered only 31% of the vote, compared with 36% for Wallace and 33% for Nixon. It was the worst showing in the South by any Democratic presidential candidate since Reconstruction days. Having broken their Democratic voting habit, white Southerners found it relatively painless to go all the way this year. Without George Wallace's name on the ballot and with no opposition from McGovern, who had virtually given up on the South before the campaign began, Nixon won nearly seven out of every ten Southern votes. In precinct after precinct, it became obvious that the Wallace vote switched en masse to Nixon, completely ignoring McGovern. The trend was particularly noticeable in a district near Wetumpka, Ala., where farmers who had given Wallace 94.6% of the vote in 1968 turned this year to Nixon, who received 93.7%.

ISSUES

Some Local Mirrors of What Matters

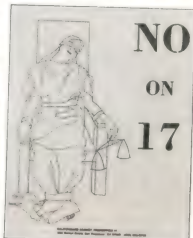
VOTERS did not just go to the polls to choose among candidates; they also tackled a thorny and controversial spate of referendums and state constitutional amendments. These issues—the fine print on the ballot—have an unhappy tradition of being so complicatedly framed as to leave even the most dutiful voter often confused. In Washington State, for example, voters were faced with an alltime record of 24 of these measures. Yet the sentiment on these local issues often provides a mirror of what matters to Americans. That seemed especially true this year in the approval of a wide variety of environmental referendums.

New Yorkers voted heavily in favor of a multipurpose \$1.2 billion environmental bond issue. The funds will be used mainly to clean up the state's air and water supply, with special attention to the problem of sewage treatment. The success of the measure was largely attributed to a low-key promotion campaign, a sharp contrast to a heavyhanded one waged two years ago on behalf of a transportation bond issue. That was defeated, and the moral might be that voters do not like to be bludgeoned into action. In New Jersey, a proposed \$650 million transportation issue was defeated. The conservationist Sierra Club was successful in its determined campaign to convince New Jerseyans that the bill called for too much money for road building and not enough for mass transportation.

Voters in Jefferson County, Colo., the nation's fifth fastest-growing county, approved a 1½% sales tax to be used solely for the purchase and maintenance of open space. The unique measure is expected to raise about \$2,000,000 annually for wildlife habitats, parks and recreational facilities. But the issue that kindled high passion across the rest of the state was that of the 1976 Winter Olympics. Governor John Love had waged a crusade to bring the Games to Denver and won the bid from the International Olympic Committee. To his extreme embarrassment, Coloradans voted 3 to 2 to cut off funds for the event. The cost was the primary concern, but underlying that was an increasing awareness that the Games might encourage runaway growth in already burgeoning areas.

The wildest—and mildest—serendipity of issues took place in California, where voters had 22 separate propositions on which to render a verdict. The most important of them:

DEATH PENALTY Proposition 17 was part of a national effort to reverse the Supreme Court's ruling and revive the death penalty (see *THE LAW*). The arguments were familiar: those in favor talked of deterrent value, those opposed belittled that notion and spoke impassion-



sioned of the sanctity of human life. Still, voters chose reinstatement by a more than 2-to-1 margin. The vote was a statement of principal rather than binding legislation, but it may indicate that the death penalty is not yet dead in the U.S.

MARIJUANA. Proposition 19 asked that state law be changed to remove criminal penalties for cultivation, processing and transport of marijuana for personal use by people over 18 (leaving only the sale of the weed a crime). It was soundly defeated.

COASTAL ZONE CONSERVATION. This was easily the most hotly contested issue on the California ballot. Conservationists and a surprising number of state politicians squared off against developers, utilities and oil companies over the proposal, which called for the creation of one state and six regional commissions whose fundamental task would be to oversee the preservation of the state's coastline. Despite a well-financed advertising campaign mounted by opponents, the environmentalists managed to win a solid victory.

OBSCENITY LEGISLATION. Proposition 18 would have eliminated the "redeeming social value" test for books and films and would have left the definition of obscenity to local communities. Backers viewed the initiative as a method of controlling the spread of hard-core pornography. Opponents, among them a large number of Hollywood stars, claimed that the measure was an open invitation to unlimited censorship, that under its aegis even such films as *Patton* and *True Grit* could be banned (*TIME*, Oct. 23). They made their point; the proposition went down to a 2-to-1 defeat.

Missing Coattails

DESPITE the President's overwhelming personal victory, unprecedented ticket splitting enabled many Democrats to triumph unexpectedly, or with unexpected margins. Among the more remarkable Democratic winners and their percentage of the vote compared with Nixon's in their states:

SENATORS	DEMOCRAT	NIXON
Harloway, Mo.	53%	61%
Huddleston, Ky.	51	64
Haskell, Colo.	50	62
GOVERNORS		
Docking, Kans.	63	68
Salmon, Vt.	55	63
Kneip, S. Dak.	60	54
Rampton, Utah	70	68
Judge, Mont.	54	58
Bumpers, Ark.	76	70

And Now, Here's Spiro . . . for '76

THE phrase does not trip lightly off the tongue: President Agnew. Yet with the landslide victory of Richard Nixon, his once and present running mate Spiro T. Agnew immediately becomes the first unannounced presidential candidate for 1976. Recent history favors his chances. Since World War II, only one Vice President has failed to go on and capture his party's nomination for the top job, or accede to it; that was Harry Truman's Veep, Alben Barkley, who was 74 years old when his turn came in 1952. In his victory speech on Election Night, Nixon went out of his way to praise Agnew's campaigning for the ticket while he himself remained at work in the White House.

Of course Agnew is not running yet, and his intimates say that he will not even think about running until after the '74 congressional election. But that is part of the required ritual, and it also makes a good deal of common sense: Agnew watched what happened to Front Runner Edmund Muskie this year and his own party's George Romney in 1968. He knows that even more attention than he gathered in his more vitriolic days will be focused on his every move for the next four years. He also knows, as do both his advocates and detractors in the G.O.P., that if the party were to reconvene next month to pick a 1976 ticket, Agnew would top it in a walk.

All this seems heady indeed for a man who just ten years ago won his first public office as Baltimore county executive. Or even for the disappointed and dispirited Vice President of two years ago, whose curare-dipped diatribes against "nattering nabobs of negativism" were being blamed in part for the Republicans' indifferent success in the 1970 off-year elections. Good at raising money, he was poor at mixing with the local G.O.P. leaders whose turf he visited, secluding himself in his hotel or disappearing to play golf or tennis.

But all that has changed. Agnew on the trail in 1972 was a model of assiduousness, going out of his way to flatter every Republican officeholder or seeker in his travels, be he the Senator or a county clerk. In keeping with the tone laid down for the campaign by the President, his principal surrogate mainly stayed on the high road of rhetoric, proving himself in fact a sometimes more thoughtful and frequently better public speaker than Nixon. Emulating the President, Agnew, secure in the affection of conservatives, is already moving toward the center and the image of the statesman.

There will be more to come. Agnew hopes to pay his own visit to the Soviet Union some time in the second term. Once campaign fervor has died down, he intends to visit more U.S. cam-

puses. Agnew is convinced that he, like Nixon, can win over large segments of the young, whom he regards as opposed to him only because they do not understand him. Early in his political career, Agnew was considered liberal, and although he had to serve as what he termed the President's "cutting edge," he feels he holds liberal attitudes that may displease some conservatives in the future.

Ultimately, Agnew's chances for the nomination stand or fall with the approbation or opprobrium earned by Nixon's second term. Hubert Humphrey could explain to him better than any man alive that in the eyes of the voting public, a Vice President is lashed

President. They will push someone like Charles Percy, but that seems likely to succeed only in the event of a disastrous Nixon performance over the next four years. Percy, 53, has the youthful appearance and manner to attract a lot of voters. But his criticism of the White House on the Viet Nam War has put him in Nixon's doghouse, and the President would undoubtedly try to squelch his bid for the nomination. Governors Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan will be too old for presidential aspirations. The strongest lineup of dark horses comes from Tennessee: Senators William Brock and Howard Baker and Governor Winfield Dunn, all more moderate than Agnew. In Ohio there is, of course, a Taft—Senator Robert Jr., who carries a nice balance of his father's conservative rep-



VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW & HIS FAMILY DURING VICTORY CELEBRATION

to his President's policies as securely as Ahab to his white whale. Also, Agnew has Nixon himself to contend with. The President felt he needed to retain Agnew as his running mate in 1972 to appease the party's right wing; that does not mean Nixon has to support him in 1976—or, for that matter, allow him a spotlight over the next four years. Says one veteran Nixon watcher: "The President will keep his knights divided and equal. Agnew won't be able to rise. Once any Nixon subaltern begins to rise too far above the pack, Nixon encourages the others to shoot at him. It will be this way with Agnew, and I wouldn't expect Nixon to tip his hand much if any before the 1976 convention."

In theory, at least, the 1976 G.O.P. Convention could be a donnybrook. The liberals will surely mount a strong attack on Agnew's qualifications to be

utation and his own liberal attitudes.

Although such men may politically grow and prosper during the interval, they still must be considered long shots for 1976. The odds now are with Agnew, if for no other reason than the fact that he is the favorite of the G.O.P.'s conservatives, who proved indubitably in Miami Beach in 1972 that they control the Republican Party. Indeed, in the only interesting confrontation of the entire starched-and-pressed convention, the right wing gerrymandered the delegate structure for the next convention to favor rural, conservative—and hence potentially Agnew-lining—states. Says Mississippi's Clarke Reed, a shrewd spokesman for the G.O.P.'s right-wing constituency: "We proved that this is a conservative party by a margin of about 2 to 1, and that's why conservatives are going to choose the nominee again in 1976."

What Will He Do the Next Four Years?

EVEN as they pulled voting levers in massive numbers for him, Americans had no way of knowing just where Richard Nixon intended to lead them. After 26 years in politics, including four in the merciless glare of national attention that always focuses on the White House, he remained one of the most unpredictable and ineluctable men in public life. The politician who had always been off and running toward the next race had won the ultimate victory. He could stop now. But what would he do with his triumph?

The past was not illuminating. Nixon had reversed himself too often as circumstances dictated or opportunities beckoned. His shrewdly protective campaign had concentrated far more upon what he would not do than on what he expected to do. Yet there he was, the small-town boy from Whittier, so often in the past seeming insecure and introspective, so often tormented by self-proclaimed crises and ridiculed by scoffing critics, now vindicated by the only

standard a democratic leader and professional politician appreciates: an overwhelming victory at the polls. He held unchallengeable control of the Executive Branch and had been handed a rare chance to shape the nation's future in his own fashion.

The fact that Richard Nixon need no longer worry about appealing to masses of voters was either scary or hopeful, depending upon the angle of view. Radicals and some liberals professed to have nightmares of an "unleashed" Nixon, finally free to throw dissenters into jails and to nuke Hanoi if it did not knuckle under. Conservatives held visions of a sturdy figure checking the tide of permissiveness, defending the work ethic against welfare loafers. Some moderates saw in Nixon's record the hope that he would now turn to the nation's neglected social ills; they cited his dramatic initiatives in traveling to Moscow and Peking, and his application of wage and price controls as evidence of his capacity for change.

Actually, all of those prophecies may well miss the mark. After studying the past period, calculating fiscal limitations and sounding out their sources in all of the Government's major departments and the White House, *TIME* Washington correspondents discovered little evidence that, having initiated historic breakthroughs in foreign relations, Nixon would now carve out a program of domestic achievement that was equally impressive. Officials, of course, would not necessarily talk with freedom about future programs just before the

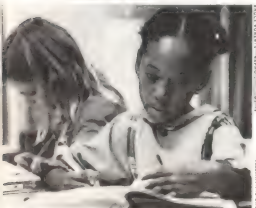
election—even if they knew of any. The evidence is not conclusive for another reason: a lame duck President's concern about how history will rate him may yet produce surprises.

One of Nixon's own final televised campaign speeches, billed as a "Look to the Future," did not provide sure clues either. Much of it was devoted to clarifying his view of the touchy final negotiations for ending the Viet Nam War and his renewed pledge that "our children can be the first generation in this century to escape the scourge of war." His remarks on the domestic future were couched in vague terms about the need for Americans to achieve "more kindness in our relations with each other" and "to find a new zest in the pursuit of excellence." But then Nixon all along had deliberately failed to outline programs and obviously was not going to take the chance of getting specific in the final phases of a winning campaign. In his speech, his only domestic promise was "I will do all in my power to avoid the need for new taxes," and he ruled out any new program "that would violate that pledge." He said that he intended "to shift more responsibility and power back to the states and localities, and most important, to the people."

Relying on civic-minded citizens to resolve social problems through the lowest levels of government is, of course, sweet-sounding democratic theory. Indeed, one innovation in Nixon's New American Revolution was this goal of localizing some responsibilities.

Nixon's only enacted measure to promote that shift has been general revenue sharing, under which some \$5.3 billion of federal tax money is being reverted to states and cities this year for them to spend as they see fit. Spread thinly everywhere, including suburbia (where it will often

EDUCATION & RACE



THE ECONOMY



CRIME & THE LAW



DRUG ABUSE & TREATMENT



AIR POLLUTION



be used to reduce local taxes), this will not provide the resources for any sizable community to meet such needs as better mass transportation, improved housing, nonpolluting waste disposal, and better schools. Nixon is expected to press for congressional approval of "special" revenue sharing, targeted at easing specific problems, but apparently this would supplant the larger federal grants already serving similar purposes.

Yet when Nixon predicted in his speech that his localized approach would be attacked as "a retreat from federal responsibilities," he was right—because to a large extent, it is. Washington stepped into many of the social programs it has launched precisely because states and cities had been unwilling or unable to handle them. Many of the lingering Great Society programs have indeed proved to be ineffective or wasteful and need to be weeded out; most of the ills they were meant to remedy have grown worse.

But the nation's states and cities, many of them impoverished, are even less equipped to deal with them now. It is naive to expect that without outside pressure a city dependent upon a mining industry will, for example, check pollution, or a racially divided community will integrate its schools. The lowest common denominator is often local prejudice. Even many liberals, on the other hand, have been shaken in their traditional faith in federal intervention as an effective agent in dealing with a range of social problems, and Nixon's approach evidently is in tune with the majority's present temper.

Nixon's praise of decentralization is also intended to make a virtue out of what he considers a necessity. Given his Administration's continued commitment to high defense spending and opposition to higher taxes, there is no money available for new or expanded social services. Nixon, the advocate of fiscal prudence, has in fact run up the largest federal deficit of any President since F.D.R., who was fighting both a depression and a world war. Although the fault is not entirely Nixon's, he heads into his second term confined by a fiscal squeeze that will sharply delimit domestic policy. So far he has issued no major requests for new initiatives from his departments to improve on his disappointing first-term domestic record. Indeed, only one instruction has gone out: prepare to tighten your belts.

HEALTH CARE & INSURANCE



More specifically, TIME correspondents report the following prospects in areas of pressing domestic concern:

THE ECONOMY. Nixon won many votes by his promise not to raise taxes in his second term, which he hedged later by placing the blame for any forthcoming hike on high spending by a Democratic Congress. Yet most economists see no way to avoid tax increases. If more government services are shifted to state and local governments, they too will be forced to raise taxes—which would go against another Nixon campaign pitch, the pledge to try to relieve local property taxes. Trying to hold down the current federal budget under \$250 billion, Nixon is expected to operate the national economy at less than its full capacity, thus countering inflation at the risk of higher unemployment. This might enable him to lift wage and price controls, but he is not likely to do so until after the period of heavy labor bargaining next year, when many major contracts expire.

DEFENSE. In the face of McGovern's attack on Nixon's defense budget, the President's Pentagon outlays have become almost sacrosanct. Despite the presumably imminent end of the Viet Nam War and the SALT I agreements on limiting new nuclear weapons, the defense budget will rise rather than decline. It will reach at least \$76.5 billion in fiscal 1973, an increase of \$1.3 billion in expenditures over last year.

This is partly because of higher military pay, needed to give another vote-pulling Nixon campaign promise some hope of fulfillment; ending the draft by creating an all-volunteer military force. It is also dictated by Nixon's insistence on improving existing nuclear weapons and building such new systems as the Trident submarine and the B-1 bomber.

RACE. Nixon shows little evident interest in America's most serious continuing challenge: race relations. He feels no political obligation to blacks, who again voted overwhelmingly Democratic. While apparently retreating from school integration, Nixon offers no plan to help blacks move into white neighborhoods and thus alter racial housing and school-district patterns. He is expected to appoint more blacks to Government posts, perhaps even the Cabinet, which might make a significant symbolic point but could have little practical effect. While the ghettos have not been burning, racial discontent remains a potentially explosive problem.

THE COURT. Almost as disquieting and perhaps of even longer-lasting effect has been Nixon's indifference to the need to appoint men of the highest legal standards to the Supreme Court. After Congress quite properly rejected two of his appointees and forced him to raise his sights, he successfully elevated men who, although better, were of uneven quality. They share his constitutional philosophy, voting as a bloc



PRESIDENT NIXON
No more running.

in 53 out of 70 of the court's recent nine-man decisions. Nixon quite likely will be able to make more appointments in his next term: William O. Douglas is 74. Thurgood Marshall is in shaky health at 64. William Brennan, 66, has talked of retirement. A great need in the emerging Nixon court is for sharp intellects who can write good law; the court is short on intellectual conscience and independent scholarship.

CRIME. Street crime is one social problem that is most fittingly a local responsibility. But because it is one that bothers many people the most, Nixon has campaigned hard on the issue—so hard, in fact, that he has made it a White House concern. There can be endless arguments over selective statistics. Based on an FBI index of seven serious crimes, the annual rise in the crime rate has dropped sharply from as much as 17% in the 1960s to 1% this year. Yet there have been more than 6,000,000 such crimes committed in the past 12 months, compared with 4,500,000 in L.B.J.'s last year—an increase of fully one-third under Nixon.

He has pumped some \$1.5 billion into state and local law-enforcement agencies, although much of it has gone for riot-control gear and other unproductive frills. Far more effective has been the Administration's drive against organized crime. This is expected to continue, as is a new emphasis on antitrust prosecutions, including jail terms for corporate price fixers, and new at-

THE NATION

tention to such white-collar criminals as stock manipulators, tax dodgers and perpetrators of consumer frauds.

DRUGS. This is the domestic front on which Nixon has been most effective. His drive against the importation of heroin has been tough. He has increased federal funds for drug-abuse prevention from \$112 million in his first year to \$714 million this year. The total should approach \$1 billion next year.

ENVIRONMENT. The first President to face environmental issues seriously, Nixon took up the challenge with ringing rhetoric and some admirable action. He put fragmented activities into a new Environmental Protection Agency, gave it a vigorous director in William Ruckelshaus. Nixon proposed commendable measures ranging from air-pollution control to wiser land use. He stopped a cross-Florida barge canal and an Everglades jetport, rushed new measures to create more parks.

But as the recession grew, environmental concerns began to be balanced against business interests and the costs of protective measures that were often too heedlessly demanded by ecological crusaders. The Administration supported the SST, more offshore oil drilling, and fought some air and water cleanup proposals made by Democratic Senators. Nixon's credibility on environmental issues was hurt by his veto of a really rigorous—and expensive—\$24.7 billion bill to clean up the nation's waters by 1985. Congress overrode the veto, but whether Nixon will spend the money is in doubt.

ENERGY. Although environmentalists may object, a major Nixon aim is a matter of genuine national urgency: to find new fuel and electrical-energy sources for the U.S. This will include support of oil supertankers, an Alaskan pipeline, nuclear breeder-reactor plants, more offshore drilling.

HEALTH. Nixon never seriously pushed any general improvement of health services, although this was one of the goals of his proposed "revolution." The Administration did not follow up its proposal to enact a comprehensive health insurance plan that would heavily rely on private insurance carriers and employers. Nixon is expected to propose this again, however, if only to counter a more sweeping plan by Senator Edward Kennedy that would require a greater financial role by Government.

WELFARE. Welfare reform is another of Nixon's first-term priorities that have been unfulfilled, again partly because he seemed to want a political issue more than a fairly compromised law. It is sure to become once more an issue of contention between the President and Congress. Despite his campaign denunciation of McGovern's abandoned \$1,000-per-person income guarantee, Nixon's plan embraces the minimum-income principle, although on a far more modest scale. Just where to place that income floor may remain a topic for

argument. Nixon's decisive re-election may reinforce his desire to make the work requirements more stringent.

EDUCATION. Nixon's highly political manipulation of the school-busing issue has thrown a huge question mark over the future of school integration, just at a time when it began to affect large Northern cities. New York City, for example, has recently seen some anti-integration scenes just as ugly as that in which white mothers in Little Rock jeered black youngsters 15 painful years ago. Nixon has proposed upgrading deficient neighborhood schools instead—but he has vetoed as too expensive legislation that might help do that.

Nixon heads into his last term under a cloud of partisan acrimony engendered by the charges and countercharges growing out of the Watergate political-espionage investigations. A criminal trial, several civil suits, a Senate committee investigation led by Democrats, all may poison the atmosphere. The highly protective and pugnacious White House domestic staff seems more adept at political infighting than at helping the President govern by conciliating contending factions.

Nixon's final flurry of legislative vetoes, ostensibly to check federal spending, makes a second-term honeymoon with Congress highly unlikely. Despite Nixon's huge win, each elected legislator feels that he, too, has earned a mandate of his own. Too often Nixon was either overantagonistic toward Congress or blithely aloof concerning the fate of his legislation; he sorely needs to improve on his 1972 record of winning only 65% of the votes on which he took a clear stand (the lowest percentage since President Eisenhower's record in 1960) and on his taking such a position on only 81 votes—the smallest number since such an accounting began in the 1950s.

Since questions of illegal activity have arisen in the Watergate case and in the handling of Nixon campaign funds, one way to help clear the contentious air would be to place the Justice Department in less partisan hands. The practice of having such political operators as Robert Kennedy serving as John Kennedy's Attorney General and John Mitchell doing the same for Nixon makes the department suspect, as in the G.O.P.-ITT controversy. There are rumors, in fact, that Mitchell's man Richard Kleindienst may be eased out of his attorney generalship after a decent interval in the next Administration. One name mentioned so far as a successor, however, would hardly conciliate Democrats; it is that of John Ehrlichman, Nixon's aggressive adviser on domestic affairs. Also suggested has been Clark MacGregor, Nixon's campaign manager.

Other changes are expected in Cabinet positions. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird has made clear to reporters his intention to leave; New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, once a bit-

ter Nixon critic, is rumored to be a possible successor. George Romney has announced his imminent departure as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development; Assistant Secretary Samuel Jackson, a black, might give blacks more hope for racially enlightened housing policies; Donald Rumsfeld, director of the Cost of Living Council, has been mentioned too. Also expected to leave, although there has been little talk of who might replace them, are Labor Secretary James Hodgson and Transportation Secretary John Volpe.

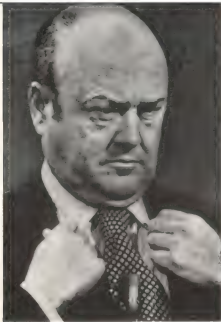
PHIL CORBIN



NELSON ROCKEFELLER

One of the most intriguing personal situations involves foreign policy: Kissinger has completely overshadowed Secretary of State William Rogers. Yet the loyal Rogers shows few public signs of frustration over this and might slay on, although he would likely accept an appointment to the Supreme Court. In that case, Kissinger might move over to State, formalizing in that department the kind of hard-driving, fast decision-making he instituted in the White House. Most likely to remain in their posts are Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, Treasury Secretary George Shultz and HHS Secretary Elliot Richardson, although the last-named is seen as another prospect for State if Rogers leaves.

There are signs that Nixon may call upon some intellectual outsiders in a search for advice on domestic affairs. A meeting of such men with Ehrlichman was recently postponed. They consisted mainly of conservatives and one-time liberals apparently disillusioned with the Federal Government's ability to solve social problems and concerned about enhancing individual initiative as well as individual rights. They have upheld American institutions against bitter attack from the left over the past few years. Among them were Political Scientist Martin Diamond, an advocate



MELVIN LAIRD

of what he calls the "Madisonian constitutional system" and a onetime worker for Socialist Norman Thomas; Sociologist Robert Nisbet, who contends that the nation's universities have become too politicized; Harvard Government Professor Edward Banfield (*The Unheavenly City*), an opponent of more and bigger urban projects by Government; Economist Murray Weidenbaum, who helped formulate Nixon's revenue-sharing bill but has opposed many Nixon proposals; and Irving Kristol, an academic and co-editor of *The Public Interest* magazine, who urges "combination of the reforming spirit with the conservative ideal."

Still, the evidence is that in his second term as in his first, Nixon will primarily pursue his own instinctive bent and concentrate on the grander game of global diplomacy, where he can make a greater difference much more quickly. He demonstrated that in his first term, with the brilliant assistance of Henry Kissinger, setting the nation on

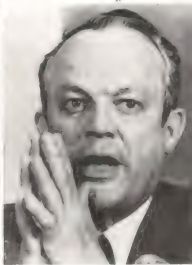
government in Saigon may prove to be protracted and painful.

Yet Nixon has other world priorities in mind. He wants to refocus attention on Europe, and will probably travel there again to mend fences with neglected U.S. friends. There will be tough negotiations with the Russians on whether both nations will withdraw troops from Europe and whether new arrangements for European security can be created. Probably of even greater urgency will be Nixon's efforts to force a reform of international monetary machinery. Sticky, too, will be his attempt to open new avenues for the U.S. to compete more favorably in world trade, especially with Europe's Common Market and with Japan.

Certainly, in an atomic age, peace must be the first priority of every U.S. President. Nixon undoubtedly is right in expecting history to rate him highly if he advances that goal. Yet in devoting so much of his energy and Government resources to that task, he runs



HENRY KISSINGER & WILLIAM ROGERS AT REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



RICHARD KLEINDIENST



ELLIOT RICHARDSON

a course of new cooperation with the two dominant Communist powers after years of enmity. Nixon is expected to build on that base, seeking new agreements in arms control and trade with the Soviet Union, probably granting diplomatic recognition to China and opening new trade opportunities with it.

The first task, of course, will be to disengage from Nixon's one glaring foreign policy failure: his inability to end more quickly U.S. involvement in the Viet Nam War. That may still require a disproportionate share of White House attention. Once a cease-fire is signed, the effort to preserve the peace and help arrange a new

the risk of a different historical judgment. While Nixon's overwhelming victory suggests that the majority of Americans are more than content with their lot, the problems have not disappeared—the decay of the cities, the welfare mess, the unwieldy and often unfair tax system, the creaking disability of Government on all levels, the economic as well as moral stresses on American society. Nor would the demands of the black minority, while relatively muffled now, be indefinitely stilled.

Nixon's vast mandate was among other things a vote for the general competence he has often shown in office, and the promise of more of it in more areas. The voters were asking Nixon, finally unfettered by any worry about how he might fare in another election, not merely to maintain the status quo, but to demonstrate now his capacity for leadership at home as well as abroad.

DEMOCRATS

The Long Journey to Disaster

ON the last day of his quest, George McGovern hurtled across the country in a fishhook pattern: New York City, Philadelphia, Wichita, Kans., Long Beach, Calif., and then eastward again to Sioux Falls, S. Dak. He covered 4,399 miles in that final exhausting spasm, as if to demonstrate his fealty to the crusade through its crushing climax. He still posed the question in terms of morality and righteousness: Richard Nixon was guilty of the "big lie" in general and of "deliberate convincing deception" concerning the Viet Nam negotiations. At one point he talked about how Lincoln put his faith in God in facing the burdens that lay ahead. This election, the preacher-teacher-Senator from South Dakota said, could be "more important and more fateful" than Lincoln's 112 years ago. As he spoke at Long Beach Airport, a bell somewhere began to ring inexplicably and repeatedly. It was that kind of day in that kind of fall.

Toward the end, even McGovern seemed to know where matters stood. The smile could still be summoned; the handshake could be made to seem firm and confident. But his face was haggard

and furrowed, his voice hoarse. He threatened to punch a Cincinnati heckler in the nose, whispered to an especially annoying Nixonite in Battle Creek, Mich., "Kiss my ass." Huffed the astonished youth: "He said a profanity."

America would not come home to McGovern's vision. Even McGovern's extraordinary faith in himself could not survive the unanimous resonances of reality. Tuesday night brought an end to the longest declared quest for the presidency in modern times. In January 1971, still an obscure figure in national politics, McGovern said: "I seek the presidency because...I believe the people of this country are tired of the old rhetoric, the unmet promise, the image makers, the practitioners of the expedient." Yet McGovern was to stumble into those same pitfalls—and more.

Even as the nomination was won, Gary Hart remarked that the campaign had "lost its direction, if not its soul." Throughout the meticulously planned primaries, McGovern had seemingly remained his own man, stubbornly glued on his own course and vindicated by the thumping first-ballot victory in Miami Beach. Yet trouble had begun as

early as the Nebraska primary. Issues Director Ted Van Dyk says now, when McGovern's Democratic opponents "went after him on the triple-A issues"—abortion, amnesty and acid, McGovern was soon trying to disengage himself. Even his defense programs were "clarified." Then in the California debates with Hubert Humphrey, McGovern was forced to admit that he did not know exactly what his ill-starred \$1,000-grant-to-every-citizen would cost. When he later came up with a more cogent program, he dismissed the "Demogrant" idea as something he had never really supported. Instead of shaking the radical label, he began coming across merely as a vacillating radical.

Strident. As campaign pressures increased, the measured tone turned strident. Nixon was running "the most corrupt Administration in history." The President's war policy was compared to Hitler's atrocities. As for his most ambitious promises, McGovern said that Congress would never let him do all that he wanted anyway. That sort of wiggling, designed to demonstrate reasonableness, won derision from the undecided. For those who were committed strongly and early, there seemed to be more kneeling than healing in the courtship visits to Lyndon Johnson, Richard Daley and other Democratic powers. Yet many of those powers never believed he had a chance, never ceased to be irritated by McGovern's entourage and its intellectual arrogance (Frank Mankiewicz on Humphrey: "An embittered failure of an old man").

The Eagleton episode caused an all-but-fatal hemorrhage. McGovern's "1,000%" support of Eagleton in public while he was preparing to dump him in private blunted forever his claim to credibility. The "telephone book" search for a successor mercilessly extended the agony. Even so friendly an observer as the New York Times's Tom Wicker conceded that the Eagleton affair had "at least four disastrous effects." It hardened the suspicion of incompetence, compounded it with "the appearance of indecisiveness," added a strain of "ruthlessness" and "perhaps more important than anything else" compromised irreparably "the idea of the decent and honest man."

It also used up precious time that should have been devoted to organizing the presidential campaign. Planning was supposed to begin a month before the convention, but the Credentials Committee challenges to the California delegation and others deflected attention. Organizer Gene Pokorny, for instance, was pulled off his preparations in Illinois and did not get back to them until late July. In Washington, though Larry O'Brien was tacitly put in command, the lines of authority were never established. "You guys work it out," McGovern told his aides at one point. "I'm going out to campaign."

But to say what? For a time he yielded to centrists' advice and talked about

Four Crushing Moments for McGovern:

With the Eagletons; A Placard of Unpopular Issues;
With Humphrey in California; Kissinger's Peace Briefing.





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THE NATION

the traditional Democratic bread-and-butter issues of inflation, unemployment and high taxes—the economic concerns that polls confirmed were high in voters' minds. But on these points he somehow lacked passion or even conviction. Also, some of his positions further alienated the middle and lower-middle classes. Radically increased inheritance taxes might soak the Rockefeller, but it also seemed to threaten every man's chance to pass a little something of himself on to his children.

Even when he returned to the issues that deeply stirred him—the war, corruption, morality—he could not often arouse his audiences. Nothing could have been more personally painful to him than the findings by the TIME/Yankelovich Poll, among others, that the former "Tricky Dick" Nixon was now judged the more "open and trustworthy" by two-thirds of the sample and was seen as the "peace candidate" by 54%. The Kissinger announcement that a Viet Nam settlement is "at hand" merely reinforced Nixon's peace image. The Watergate incident and related activities, McGovern supporters felt, never had the popular impact that they deserved. Yet even if people did worry about these and other flaws in the Nixon Administration, McGovern never established himself as a believable alternative to Richard Nixon; he never seemed sufficiently "presidential."

Combination. There were many more difficulties—Nixon's 2-to-1 advantage in campaign funds, the labor split, Nixon's success in insulating himself in the White House. But there was something else, something that went beyond a litany of the Democrat's blunders and bad breaks. "A combination of circumstances may have conspired against McGovern's success," observes TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer, "but more significant are the shortcomings of the candidate himself. He failed to articulate a vision of the nation. He talked vaguely of his goals once peace is restored, but they sounded like campaign promises instead of a philosophic summons to national greatness." His personality thus became an additional reason for resisting the change he urged.

McGovern will now return to the Senate, at least until his term expires in 1974. And he has indicated that he would like to stay longer. "McGovern's rigidity," concludes Fischer, "his sense of moral conviction, was at once a strength and a weakness. It is a strength that will enable him to survive the overwhelming defeat; he won't be shattered because he believes that his cause is just. But it is a weakness because it causes him to ignore shadings and to consider problems in an inflexible, moralistic manner. The issues McGovern discussed during the campaign are central to the nation's future. He deserves credit for focusing on them. But he failed to persuade the public that he had the ability to guide the nation in the direction he pointed to."

A Future That Is Up for Grabs

FOR weeks before the election that they lost so badly, a number of Democrats were engaged in some curious carryings-on. Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter was up in Chicago huddled with Mayor Richard Daley. Jean Westwood, McGovernite head of the Democratic National Committee, was down in Alabama chatting with George Wallace. George Meany and Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson were corraling votes, not for Nov. 7, but for Dec. 9—the date of the next national committee meeting. Many Democrats were much less concerned with the election—which they took to be a foregone, forlorn conclusion—than with maneuvering to come out ahead in the murky, vengeful postelection period.

Though the future leadership of the party is up for grabs and several hands will be grasping for it, there was wide agreement on several basics:

► The party will edge back toward the center of the road in terms of both issues and organization changes, with the first skirmish coming over Westwood's retention.

► Withstanding the Nixon landslide remarkably well, Democrats managed to keep control of both houses of Congress, and they are in far better shape than the Republicans were after the 1964 Goldwater fiasco.

► The 1976 talk centers on Edward Kennedy as the most likely candidate to restore party unity.

Give a Little. Before the party is revived, however, there will have to be some painful rearrangement. The Democrats are suffering from what might be called an aggravated case of future shock. The McGovernites had maneuvered the party into trying the "politics of tomorrow," and the future definitely



GEORGE WALLACE & JEAN WESTWOOD
Survival politics.

did not work. Coalition, compromise politics had not been proved obsolete as many McGovernites once claimed; it turned out to be alive and well in the hands of Richard Nixon, who clasped to his bosom the very groups the McGovernites had antagonized: labor, white ethnics, the South. "Nixon would have been beaten by someone who could have held the grand coalition together," said Henry Jackson in a post-mortem. "How could any one candidate alienate labor, the religious groups, the South and others in one election?" Adds Hubert Humphrey: "We don't need to indulge in a massive purge in the party, but the leadership must be closely related by word and deed to the working people, to the small town, Main Street people and the man in the shops. Unless we become acceptable to this middle America, we've had it."

Democratic Party leaders are retreating toward the sanctuary of the center, where they have always felt more secure. Arkansas Governor Dale Bumpers, chairman of the Democratic Governors' Caucus, has convened a meeting to chart a strategy of moderation. As Governor Jimmy Carter goes round inviting Democrats to join him in planning the future of the party, he emphasizes that the "McGovern people are not in charge of the invitation lists" and that "everyone is going to have to give a little."

Among the first and most important compromises expected concerns the rules governing the selection of convention delegates. The McGovern commission reforms attracted many recruits to the party and gave them instant responsibility by setting what amounted to



AFL-CIO'S GEORGE MEANY
Murky maneuvering.

Edward Kennedy: Now the Hope

SOMETIMES it was difficult to tell who the Democratic presidential candidate was, George McGovern or Edward Kennedy. Whenever Kennedy appeared with McGovern, the crowd invariably doubled. Time and again, cheering spectators would brush past the nominee to gush over an embarrassed Ted. McGovern had trouble articulating bread-and-butter issues for man-in-the-street Democrats—a task that comes easy for Kennedy. While living with impending defeat this fall, Democrats dreamed of victory next time with Ted. No wonder that before the final votes were counted, Kennedy was being touted for 1976.

He suggests that he would not be diverted by the kind of peripheral issues that got McGovern into so much hot water, such as abortion, amnesty, marijuana. "Unfortunately for the country,

he especially perilous, since the magic of the name arouses visceral resentment as well as admiration. Better to cool it in the Senate and prove his capacity for leadership by fighting for legislation like his national health-insurance bill. The fact that Congress remains in the hands of Democrats will provide him with a platform, and if a presidential veto blocks a measure that he sponsors, so much the better for projecting the Senator as his party's spokesman. He can also score points off Republicans by pushing his judiciary subcommittee's investigation of the Watergate episode and other campaign sabotage.

Kennedy's success in the Senate might further dim the public memory of Chappaquiddick, which still lingers uneasily in the minds of many voters and of party professionals as well. Much



KENNEDY ADDRESSING A \$100-A-PLATE DEMOCRATIC DINNER IN NEW YORK

there were a lot of non-issues in this campaign," Kennedy told TIME on Election Night, "and the Republicans were able to capitalize on them." Loyally refusing to accept the massive defeat as a rejection of Democratic Party philosophy, Kennedy gives George McGovern credit for "plowing lots of new ground in this campaign. As in the case of Adlai Stevenson, McGovern may well have pointed to a direction in which this country will move in the years to come."

But Kennedy was cautious about saying who is fit to lead the party out of its current wilderness. He plans to keep his profile as low as possible as long as possible. "I'm not thinking in terms of 1976 and myself at all," he declared. From his perspective, that is sound strategy. Even if he wants to run—and that is by no means certain yet—it would be risky to accept the deluge of speaking invitations he has received or in any way project himself as the front runner. That path is fraught with hazards. For a Kennedy it would

as they respect Ted's political skills, the pros wonder if he has the character to survive the long pull of presidential politics. Even casual gossip, which they would dismiss if it concerned another man, makes them edgy when it involves Kennedy. There are occasional rumors of girl chasing that disturb his fellow Democrats. About his general restlessness, one party elder muses: "There's something for psychiatry here." Another Democrat feels that Ted is "trouble-prone." Says a longtime Senate comrade: "He's got a fine future if he can keep his snoot clean."

Whatever his flaws and virtues, Kennedy now stands for what the party thinks it needs: a figure who can appeal to most Democrats across the party spectrum, a man with a knack for politics who shone in a campaign where that quality was disastrously lacking. If Ted Kennedy falters or falls short somewhere along the line, the Democrats will have to find or invent someone like him to try to carry them to victory four years hence.

quotas for them at the convention. While younger people and minorities were welcomed, however, old-line regulars, and labor and ethnic groups were to a large extent shut out. Some argue that the election was already lost when faithful Democrats gazed at the convention on television, did not see a soul on the floor they recognized, and did not care for those they did see. The prospect now is for a new formula that avoids the stigma of the quota system. It would give the traditional factions some additional strength and at the same time retain some of the gains won by the reform wing.

Survival. The centrists will get the first opportunity to test their strength when the Democratic National Committee meets in December. A movement is afoot to topple the most visible symbol of McGovernism, Jean Westwood. The leading plotters are George Meany, eager to help reshape the party whose candidate he disdained; his chief political lieutenant, Al Barkan, director of Big Labor's Committee on Political Education (COPE); and Scoop Jackson, one of the most vehement of McGovern's preconversion rivals. They are even supported by some McGovern followers, who describe Westwood as a "scheming nonentity." Potential replacements include Robert Strauss, the Texas lawyer who has served as party treasurer; New York State Chairman Joseph Crangle; and California State Chairman Charles Manatt.

But Westwood may not be that easy to dislodge. Her term nominally runs to 1976, and leaders like Edmund Muskie and Ted Kennedy are reluctant to participate in a party bloodbath so soon after the electoral massacre. Westwood, moreover, is playing her own brand of survival politics. Rather than stacking key party posts with McGovernites, she has been appointing people from other sections of the party. Because she was shut out of any major role in the McGovern campaign, she has had time to do a little work for herself. Thus her travels to see Wallace and other Southern Governors. Reminding people that she managed Humphrey's campaign in Utah in 1968, she insists: "I have run coalition politics in my own state, and I can do it here."

Healer. As she fights for a place in the old order, Westwood will have some imitators among McGovernites on the local and state levels. As separate entities, McGovern organizations largely self-destructed this week. But many local workers will stay on to fight another day—within the established party apparatus. Time and again, party regulars who could not take McGovern have warmed up to some of his youthful supporters. If there was ever a chance for a collision, it was in Chicago when the McGovernites arrived. The Daley regulars had braced for the worst, only to be pleasantly shocked when many youngsters turned out to be eager to learn the political trade at the hands

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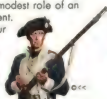
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THE NATION

of proven, if not spotless, masters.

As they look ahead—a more cheerful exercise than looking back—Democrats of almost every faction see Kennedy as their prime prospect for 1976. With the party badly in need of healing, they envision Kennedy as the leader best equipped to win back defectors while keeping the loyalties of young people and minorities (see box, page 28). But other contenders will doubtless crowd him, most of them located in Congress, where the Democratic action is likely to be found over the next four years. Standing out among the comers is Minnesota Senator Walter ("Fritz") Mondale, who won re-election with 57% of the vote in a state that Nixon won. A shrewd, diligent legislator who takes forthright liberal stands on most issues, Mondale, by being scrupulously fair, manages to make few enemies. Though not exactly loaded with charisma in the Kennedy fashion, he is a forceful extemporaneous speaker. Vastly attentive to the needs of his constituents, he flies home from Washington almost every other weekend.

The sturdy Democratic warhorses of the Senate—Humphrey, Muskie, Jackson—have doubtless passed out of the presidential picture, though they will continue to wield considerable influence in the party. Less venerable Senators like Harold Hughes and Birch Bayh are chafing to have another fling at the big prize. Outside of Washington, beyond the range of the media, bogged down in tax problems, few Governors are likely to surface as serious candidates; however, Dan Walker, the maverick who won the governorship in Illinois, bears watching. Implicated in a defeat of unique proportions, Sargent Shriver seems doomed as a presidential possibility; nor did his cheerful but often strident campaigning catch on with the electorate. Most enigmatic of all, George Wallace keeps his own counsel and nurses his shattered health. But he sees defeat turning the party in his ideological direction. "Its future is going to be in the hands of the average man," he said, "and not with the elitist group that took over in Miami."

Lost South. Anyone emerging as the front runner in the near future can look forward to a period of long and brutal testing. Apart from that personal ordeal, there will be other major problems. Most of the South may be beyond Democratic retrieval in presidential years. This week Richard Nixon won everything from the "Potomac to the Pedernales," as White House Aide Harry Dent likes to put it. Barring an improbable swing to the far right that would embrace Wallace supporters, the Democrats are not likely to offer a nominee who could beat the Republican, particularly if he happens to be a regional favorite like Spiro Agnew.

In the North, school integration, crime and other symptoms of the "social issue" will continue to divide traditional Democratic strongholds. Given



MINNESOTA SENATOR MONDALE
Too fair to make enemies.

the right candidate, Democratic leaders think, most of the blue-collar, ethnic vote can be recaptured. Said Muskie after the election: "We've got to assure working-class Americans as well as poor Americans that their concerns are high in our priorities." For the past few years, however, the Democratic Party has been drifting away from its moorings among blue-collar workers; McGovern's candidacy simply speeded up the flight. The intellectuals who plan party strategy and the lesser lights who are supposed to carry it out have become mistrustful of each other. It will take skillful brokerage by party professionals to make peace between the two hostile camps if the Democrats want to continue thinking of themselves as the majority party.



VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE SHRIVER
Too strident to catch on.

THE SENATE

Some Penance, Much Preference

MARSH SMITH in Maine? Gordon Allott in Colorado? Jack Miller in Iowa? Until the vote count was well under way, such senior Republican Senators seemed nearly invulnerable. Many of the other Republican candidates in the 33 Senate contests appeared to have good prospects as well, and party leaders hoped to reduce the 55 to 45 Democratic advantage by at least two. Some even dreamed of G.O.P. control. After all, there were those long presidential coattails. The voters had other ideas. Said one Washington Republican on Election Night: "Coattails, hell! That guy is wearing a T shirt, and he's got it tucked into his trousers."

As Smith, Allott, Miller and others were retired, the Republicans suffered a net loss of two seats, and the new lineup of 57 to 43 will give the President an upper chamber somewhat more liberal—and potentially more hostile—than its predecessor. It will also contain a goodly number of new faces (see following story).

Conflict. Some Democrats doubtless cast what politicians called "penance votes": having opted for a Republican President, they came back to their party for other offices. But most were in a selective mood: personalities and state-level disputes weighed at least as heavily as national politics. Thus in Kentucky, where voters could have voted a straight Republican ticket with the flick of a single voting-machine lever, not enough did. The result was that while Nixon was winning handily, Republican Senatorial Candidate Louie B. Nunn was losing a seat that had traditionally been Republican. Whatever patterns existed seemed in conflict with one another. Most of the Democrats who won surprising victories—such as Floyd K. Haskell in Colorado, Joseph R. Biden Jr. in Delaware, Dick Clark in Iowa and William D. Hathaway in Maine—are liberals. Haskell, 56, a tax lawyer, is a former Republican who turned Democrat two years ago in protest over Administration policies culminating in the U.S. movement into Cambodia. New Republican Senators-elect are mostly staunch conservatives: James A. McClure in Idaho, Jesse Helms in North Carolina, Dewey Bartlett in Oklahoma and William L. Scott in Virginia.

Many of the Republican losers ran lethargic campaigns, apparently expecting familiarity and the Nixon tide to get them through. There was some retroactive bitterness over the White House's benign neglect of Senate candidates through much of the campaign. Protested Colorado National Committeewoman Jo Anne Gray: "National

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media, money, everything was Nixon, Nixon, Nixon."

One factor that neither Nixon nor his campaign managers could control was the apparent voter preference for youth over age. In contest after contest, from Oregon to Maine, younger candidates seemed able to exploit the

contrast between vigor and venerability. One likely explanation: the huge increase in younger voters. A continuation of that trend could eventually revolutionize the congressional seniority system by ending the present arrangement in which seniority and senility sometimes go hand in hand.

Some New Boys in the Old Club

Retirements and upsets will bring more new faces to the Senate than any election since 1958. Among them:

SO confident was Margaret Chase Smith that she would win a fifth Senate term that she returned \$20,000 in political contributions and ran an aloof campaign that stressed the Smith record of service during 32 years in Congress. After all, had she not beaten back a determined primary challenge with just such a cool approach?

In fact, that primary campaign was what began Maggie Smith's defeat. During it, her opponent managed to make her age, 74, a campaign issue for the first time. This fall Democratic Challenger *William Hathaway*, a four-

Delaware's J. Caleb Boggs, 63, after three terms as Congressman, two more as Governor, and two as U.S. Senator, was forcibly retired by Democratic Upstart *Joseph R. Biden Jr.*, 29. Biden's most important political post until now has been two years as a member of the New Castle county council.

Biden defeated the respected Boggs and withstood the Nixon avalanche by making his inexperience a virtue. "Politicians have done such a job on the people," he insisted during the campaign, "that the people don't believe them any more. I'd like a shot at changing that." The young Wilmington lawyer, who rides a motorcycle and plays touch football, was helped enormously by pert Sister Valerie, 26 (as campaign manager).

zona Senator told North Carolinians, "let him come." Helms, in his victory over three-term Congressman Nick Galifianakis for the seat now held by Democrat B. Everett Jordan, was also aided by a timely endorsement from President Nixon.

Nixon's support was generous, considering that Helms, as a longtime Raleigh television and radio commentator, had lambasted the President (for "appeasing") almost as often as he attacked Social Security ("doles and handouts") or rural electrification ("socialistic power"). But North Carolina is undergoing a major political shift and the opportunity to pick up a Republican Senate vote was compelling. Nixon stopped off at Greensboro over the weekend to say of Helms: "I need him and I deeply appreciate your support for this fine man." Meanwhile, Helms hired the eminent conservative campaign consultant, F. Clifton White. Under White's tutelage, Helms, 51, modulated his more extreme positions, thereby overcoming what had been a substantial Galifianakis lead.

► The campaign for a Georgia Senate seat eventually developed into a bare-knuckle brawl between Democrat *Sam Nunn*, 34, and Republican Congressman Fletcher Thompson, 47. As the campaign reached its climax, Nunn



CLARK



McCLURE



JOHNSTON



HUDDLESTON



HELMS



BIDEN



WINNER HATHAWAY



LOSER SMITH

a brace of other siblings, and parents who collectively reminded Delaware voters of the Kennedy family.

► Richard Nixon won close to 70% of Virginia's presidential vote, and one result was an unexpected defeat for Moderate Democrat William B. Spong Jr., 52. Spong had led Republican *William L. Scott*, 57, for much of the campaign. One reason: Scott, a three-term Fairfax Congressman, was presumably so inept that the Washington *Post* stoned him for "unimpressive service" in the House and "shallow understanding" of the Senate.

Scott had friends, however. One lent him \$200,000 for a last-minute media blitz. Scott challenged Spong to say which presidential candidate he backed; Spong was damaged politically when a newsman reported having heard him tell some students that he was for Senator McGovern.

► No one summed up the political philosophy of North Carolina's new Republican Senator-elect, *Jesse Helms*, better than Barry Goldwater. "If you want to out-Goldwater Goldwater," the Ari-

zoni happily swung a devastating haymaker: Opponent Thompson during his six years in Congress had dropped 119 bills into the hopper, but not one had ever made it out of committee. "He's just interested in headlines," snorted Nunn. Nunn's ridicule was helped along by some Thompson gaffes. The Congressman, who pilots his own plane, at one point scheduled an airport press conference and then proceeded to the wrong airport.

► A combination of luck and hard campaigning won a Louisiana Senate seat for *J. Bennett Johnston Jr.*, 40, a Shreveport lawyer and former state senator. His good fortune occurred in July after Senator Allen J. Ellender died suddenly at 81. Johnston, who had already filed as Ellender's Democratic primary opponent, easily won the nomination. Former Governor John McKeithen, 54, attempted to become a late-starting Democratic candidate but was barred by the party. McKeithen waged an emotional campaign as an independent. But Johnston neatly sloughed off his charges that he was a "country club kid" to



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THE NATION

defeat "Big John" McKeithen and two other candidates.

► Kentucky Democrat **Walter D. Huddleston**, 46, is generally known as "Dee," from his middle initial. The nickname was a handy one during his successful campaign for the Senate seat vacated by Republican John Sherman Cooper. As state senate majority leader, Huddleston helped repeal a 5% sales tax on food items that Kentuckians vigorously resented; the tax, as it happened, had been raised by his opponent, former Governor **Louie B. Nunn** (no kin to Georgia's new Senator **Sam Nunn**). Huddleston labeled Oct. 1, when the tax repeal on food items took effect, as "Dee-day" and reminded voters to "dee-duct" part of the cost of bread, milk and other essential items.

The sales tax increase, and the fact that Nunn ran for Governor in 1967 on a no-new-tax platform, so irritated voters that Huddleston made it the foundation of a strong campaign. Tuesday became another Dee-day, and Huddleston emerged as the first Kentucky Democrat in the U.S. Senate in 18 years.

► On a hunch that two-term Republican Senator **Jack Miller**, 56, was vulnerable this time around, Iowa Congressman **John Culver** made plans to challenge him. But Culver lost heart at the last minute and the nomination went to his administrative assistant, **Dick Clark**, 43. Clark, though a political unknown, ran such a skillful campaign that he will now outshine his former boss as Iowa's junior Senator.

Clark's first strategy was a three-month, 1,312-mile walking tour which helped him identify issues and helped Iowans identify him. Next, he zeroed in on Miller for missing meetings of the Senate Special Committee on the Aging; that was a telling charge in Iowa, which sometimes claims to have an older average population than any other state. The rest was easy because Clark was backed up by a superb organization—which he himself had put together for Culver's anticipated campaign.

► In Idaho the Senate race drew more attention than the presidential campaign. After **Len B. Jordan** announced his retirement, Democrats decided to go after what had previously been a safe Republican seat. But Congressman **James A. McClure**, 47, survived a tendentious G.O.P. primary—and Jordan's coolness toward him—to win a tough contest.

McClure is a consistent conservative who in the past has supported repeal of the federal income tax, and more recently opposed a Government rat-extermination program ("In Payette we kill our own rats"). He ran a smooth campaign against Idaho State University President **William E. Davis**, 43, shrewdly tying the moderate Democrat to unpopular McGovern positions. When it came out that Davis endorsed the farm workers' lettuce boycott, McClure staffers passed the word: "Will a potato boycott be next?"

THE HOUSE

Vintage Year for the Incumbent

If the 93rd Senate, which convenes in January, can be expected to have a more liberal tilt, the balance in the House will move the other way—but ever so slightly. The Republicans had never seriously hoped to capture a House majority; that would have required a gain of 39 seats. But they did anticipate a gain of around 20 in the event of a landslide, which would have approached a standoff. Instead, with one congressional race still undecided, the G.O.P. had to settle for a gain of twelve.

Democrats who were willing to desert the party at the top of the ticket came home at the lower levels. In general, voters were remarkably kind to incumbents regardless of party. Across the country, fewer than a dozen Congressmen who had made it to the general election were unseated. From the grass roots looking up, the Nixon landslide in most districts was barely perceptible. One explanation may be that the electorate was reaching for stability and the familiar face; a conscientious Congressman makes sure

President joined the effort. Reid's independent-minded constituents, however, stuck with their man.

Some of the more interesting contests round the country:

► No matter how the race for New York's 20th District came out, the loser was bound to be a liberal woman—but then so was the winner. Deprived of her original constituency by redistricting, Congresswoman **Bella Abzug**, 52, first tried to run for the 20th in the Democratic primary against a popular incumbent, **William Fitts Ryan**. She



JAMES ABDNOR



BARBARA JORDAN



ROBIN BEARD



SAMUEL YOUNG



BELLA ABZUG



PATRICIA SCHROEDER

that his features are well known. Democrats were most successful when they kept their distance from George McGovern. John Kerry, 29, the attractive former leader of the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War, learned that hard lesson in the Fifth District of Massachusetts. A McGovern man, he sank \$250,000 into an energetic campaign and was considered well ahead; he lost to **Paul Cronin**, 34, when an independent who was expected to split the Republican vote withdrew.

In terms of geography, the G.O.P. continued to nibble at the once-solid South. Republican **David Treen**, for instance, won in Louisiana to become that state's first G.O.P. Representative in a century. In other regions, Democratic majorities generally held firm. One of the more interesting races took place in New York's Westchester County. There the Republican establishment, starring Governor **Nelson Rockefeller**, attempted to defeat Congressman **Ogden ("Brownie") Reid**, once publisher of the old *Herald Tribune*, who recently switched to the Democrats. Even the

lost, but Ryan died shortly thereafter, and the Democratic Party chose Abzug as its candidate. Ryan's widow **Priscilla** immediately entered the race for her husband's seat on the Liberal ticket, and a bitter race was on. Ryan charged that Abzug is "not just a zero; she's a minus." "Mickey Mouse," she said, "can do better." In return, Abzug claimed that her opponent had "no qualification for office," and was conducting a campaign of "vendetta and vindictiveness." The voters apparently agreed with Bella: they sent Abzug to Washington for a second term.

► At times, the contest in Tennessee's Sixth District resembled a reshuffle of war games. Incumbent Democrat **William Anderson**, 62, made references to the fact that he had skipped the nuclear-powered *Nantius* under the North Pole; Republican Challenger **Robin Beard**, 33, recently the state personnel commissioner, countered by noting that his Marine unit had handled the offshore recovery of a Gemini space shot. In the end, however, Beard won far more prosaic reasons—the

THE NATION

district had been redrawn to include 51,000 white, conservative voters, mostly from a Shelby County suburb appropriately named "Whitehaven."

► In Georgia's Fifth District (Atlanta), Civil Rights Leader **Andrew Young**, 40, a black, edged out Republican Rodney M. Cook, 48, a state legislator and insurance broker. Once noted for his mediating abilities as the executive director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Young had to tightrope-walk the busing issue throughout his campaign. While Cook said that he would support a constitutional amendment against busing, Young suggested that busing could be avoided by a careful redrawing of some zoning lines. With that kind of moderate stance, he grabbed enough of Atlanta's white vote to cut the presidential coattails on which Cook was riding.

► Even though he did not run for any office, George Wallace suffered a setback at the polls and in his own home county. In the race for Alabama's Second District seat, he put much of his prestige behind a little-known Democrat named Ben Reeves, the district attorney of Barbour County. His motive was not just neighborliness: Reeves, 36, argues his cases before George's brother, Judge Jack Wallace, and is married to Wallace's cousin. But Wallace's efforts could not overcome the advantages of incumbency, and Republican Congressman **William Dickinson**, 47, kept his seat.

► In a victory that surprised almost no one, State Senator **Barbara Jordan**, 36, defeated a white engineering designer and a Chicano socialist in the race to represent Houston's largely black 18th District. She will thus become the first black woman ever sent to Congress from the old Confederacy. An intelligent and politically shrewd lawyer, Jordan won respect in the state senate for helping to enact Texas' first minimum-wage bill and create a department for community affairs, designed primarily to deal with the problems of urban minorities. Her admirers, who include Lyndon Johnson, expect her to rival Shirley Chisholm as the nation's top spokeswoman for the black community.

► One of the more respected Congressmen to be unseated was Chicago's independent-minded Democrat **Abner Mikva**, 46, the victim of redistricting, his own stand in favor of busing and his association with McGovern, whom he supported even before the Democratic convention. One of the earliest challengers to the organization of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, Mikva had made his peace with the "boss." Mikva's Republican opponent, **Sam Young**, 49, a Chicago attorney active in local G.O.P. affairs, spoke out harshly against "the McGovern-Mikva brand of government," a gamble that paid off among the conservative voters along the North Shore. In winning, Young moved into his first public office.

► George McGovern lost not only his home state of South Dakota but, by proxy, one of its two congressional districts. A former McGovern staffer, **Patrick McKeever**, 36, who for six years was responsible for the Senator's constituent service and who mirrors McGovern on most major issues, was beaten by Republican **James Abdnor**, 49, a former state senator and Lieutenant Governor. Better known throughout the district, the rather folksy Abdnor managed to parlay the voters' mistrust of the McKeever-McGovern platform into a narrow victory.

► One of the brightest new faces to debut in the next Congress will belong to Denver Democrat **Pat Schroeder**, 32, a lawyer and housewife who wears her

hair tied back with a bow, drives a Volkswagen and scornly set speeches. The mother of two, Schroeder claims that she entered the race because she was tired of "political pollution"—the rhetorical effluent that candidates disgorge every two years to get re-elected. To add a breath of fresh air, she campaigned for congressional reform ("If business were run the same way Congress is, the country would be shut down"), stronger environmental controls and progressive property taxes. She won partly because her conservative Republican opponent, Incumbent James ("Mike") McKeever, 44, did not take her seriously until it was too late. For a while, his doorbell ringers referred to her as "Little Patsy."

THE GOVERNORS

New Tenants in the Statehouses



GROVER



BRISCOE



THOMSON



BOWEN

Though the power and prestige of Governors are on the wane, the major parties still regard control of statehouses as an important measure of local strength. By that measure, the results were pretty much a stand-off: despite some trading of ground in the 18 state contests, there was little change in the balance of gubernatorial power. Going into the election, the Democrats led the Republicans by 30 states to 20, and afterward the ratio remained substantially unchanged. The G.O.P. continued to trail in the overall total, but it still claimed most of the big states, despite an important setback in Illinois.

As usual, local personalities and local issues—particularly taxes—were pivotal. But the presidential tide had some effect, helping to seat Republicans in North Carolina and Missouri. In West Virginia, Nixon's strength helped to defeat one of the nation's most promising young Democrats. Despite an investment of considerable energy, a famous name and an expenditure of \$1.5 million to unseat the savvy G.O.P. Incumbent Arch A. Moore Jr., 49, lanky John D. ("Jay") Rockefeller IV, 35, was unable to overcome the Republican surge and a carpetbagger impulse.

The Nixon sweep helped to produce a startling political horse race in Texas, where moneyed, conservative Democrats had always coasted to the state-

house on comfortable majorities. Much to his and almost everyone else's surprise, Millionaire Rancher-Banker **Dolph Briscoe**, 49, found himself in a down-to-the-wire battle with the Republican candidate, Houston History Teacher **Henry C. Grover**, 45. Grover came out of nowhere for several reasons—the Nixon landslide, Briscoe's own indifferent campaign, the presence of a Mexican-American candidate who drew many Chicano votes that normally would have gone to the Democrats. Backed by a cabal of ultra-right Houston businessmen, Grover did not mount an attractive campaign; he railed against revenue sharing and state taxes on personal and corporate income, and told a Houston TV interviewer that "I just don't care about the black and Chicano vote." Briscoe finally emerged as the narrow winner in the late counting.

Among the crop of new gubernatorial faces:

NEW HAMPSHIRE Republican **Melvin Thomson Jr.**, 60, a publisher of law books, defeated Democrat **Roger J. Crowley Jr.**, 60, a retired Navy captain. The two had a lot in common. They were both foursquare against state income and sales taxes, and they were both touted as "excellent candidates" by New Hampshire's reigning superconservative, **William Loeb**, publisher of the Manchester *Union Leader*. Loeb

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THE NATION

backed them both in their respective primaries, but threw his newspaper's support to Thomson in the main event. Possibly he simply soured on Crowley, who had lost a bid for the governorship in 1970 despite Loeb's backing, or perhaps he was disturbed that Crowley was seeking moderate support this time around.

VERMONT. *Thomas P. Salmon*, 40, started out with what looked like three strikes against him when he launched his campaign against Luther F. Hackett, 39, a tightfisted conservative protégé of retiring Governor Deane C. Davis. Salmon is a Democrat, a Catholic and an admitted McGovern man. But he is also a widely respected attorney, an attractive shirt-sleeved campaigner with an enthusiastic following, and a protégé of former (1963-69) Governor Philip Hoff, the only other Democrat to reach the Vermont statehouse in this century. Salmon's upstream campaign began to turn into an upset when his charge that the Green Mountain State G.O.P.

cap for the old-line Democrat. He is, as his son-in-law and campaign manager Skip Webb conceded to reporters, "not too articulate." Tribbitt simply waited patiently for his majority to pile up.

NORTH CAROLINA. Republican *James E. Holshouser* was the last to deny that he owes his upset victory in this textile and tobacco state to the vote-pulling strength of Richard Nixon. A youngish (38), G.O.P. moderate who has been notably liberal on racial matters, Holshouser also had some campaign assets of his own, among them a record as a can-do state legislator and an endorsement from the Charlotte *Observer*. But he was outspent 2-to-1 by Democrat Hargrove ("Skipper") Bowles Jr., 52, an ebullient millionaire businessman who lavished \$1.3 million on a slick statewide media campaign. Not even Bowles' G.O.P.-scale spending, or the Democrats' 3-to-1 edge in voter registrations, could stem the Nixon tide, which made Holshouser North

R. Bowen, 54, looks like a movie version of a small-town general practitioner—which he is. But besides being a physician from Bremen, Ind., 20 miles from South Bend, Bowen is an astute politician who has been speaker of Indiana's G.O.P.-dominated house of representatives since 1967. Bowen and his courtly Democratic opponent, former (1961-65) Governor Matthew E. Welsh, 60, both had the same prescription for Indiana: a reduction in property taxes, to be made possible by hikes in state sales and income taxes and increased state aid to local schools. The campaign thus focused on who had allowed Indiana's tax levies to soar in the first place. Bowen pointed to Welsh's first statehouse term; Welsh blamed general G.O.P. ineptitude. But with a strong assist from the Nixon wave, the doctor got the better of the argument.

MISSOURI. By capturing a statehouse that had been Democratic property for 28 years, *Christopher ("Kit") Bond* established himself as one of the more



SALMON



MOORE



HOLSHOUSER



WALKER



TRIBBITT



BOND

was soft on the ecology issue started to hit home. His case—and his victory—was finally made when the head of a pro-Hackett industry lobby called Common Sense Associates angrily responded to Salmon's charges by jeering: "What are we trying to save the environment for—the animals?"

DELAWARE. Democrat *Sherman W. Tribbitt*, 49, coasted into office on a kind of reverse landslide: the land simply slid out from under his opponent, Republican Incumbent Russell W. Peterson, 56. A research chemist with a Ph.D. who left a \$75,000-a-year job at Du Pont to run successfully for the governorship in 1968, Peterson had won a deserved reputation as a reformer and innovator; among his credits was a widely praised coastal zoning law, enacted in 1971, that barred polluting industries from building plants along Delaware's 381-mile shore line. But Peterson's fortunes suddenly soured last summer when he was forced to admit that his revenue calculations had been "dead wrong." He then asked for a tax increase, the second in two years, to cover a huge deficit.

A hardware dealer from downstate Wallace county who serves as legislative leader, Tribbitt wisely responded to his opportunity by saying very little. The fact that Delaware has no commercial TV stations of its own was no handi-

cap for the old-line Republican Governor-elect since 1896.

ILLINOIS. In defeating Republican Incumbent Richard B. Ogilvie, maverick Democrat *Daniel Walker* came to a high point in a long and curious political journey. He won national attention four years ago as the author of the report that blamed "police riots" for a share of the disorders surrounding the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Then the tall, tanned lawyer, now 50, quit his \$100,000-a-year job at Montgomery Ward vowing to overturn both the G.O.P. organization downstate and Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine in Cook County. After he had hiked in denims 1,197 miles across Illinois, talking up his giant-killer theme, Walker edged out Daley's candidate in the primaries. But once he began campaigning against Ogilvie, an able Governor whose main political misfortune was authorship of the state's first income tax, Walker dropped the boss issue in favor of a vague promise that he would give the voters a "fighting chance." Had Walker made up with Daley? No one has said, but it is plain that Walker could not have won without some Daley cooperation in Cook County, which encompasses about 50% of the Illinois vote.

INDIANA. A chunky man who fairly exudes decency and reliability, *Dr. Otis*

promising young Republicans on the national scene. Tall, handsome and 33—he will be the U.S.'s youngest Governor—Lawyer Bond has assets that go well beyond a wealthy family and a Deerfield-Princeton-University of Virginia pedigree. He won with energy and charm, crisscrossing the state in a chartered Piper Seneca to speak in a faint Missouri twang to factory hands, bar groups and housewives on an issue that he has been able to mine deeply after two years as state auditor: mismanagement and corruption.

Normally cynical Missourians even seemed to believe that he might be able to do something about "dismantling the machine" and making public office a "public trust rather than a public trough." On the defensive from the start, Democrat Edward L. Dowd, a former FBI man who once headed the St. Louis police board, relied on a blitz of spot commercials stressing law-and-order themes and ignored Bond's challenges for a face-to-face debate until the closing days of the campaign. Bond made it a point to dodge Vice President Spiro Agnew when he passed through the state. With new political opportunities opening up, among them a possible try for Democrat Stuart Symington's Senate seat in 1976, he is careful to deny having a philosophical commitment to any wing of the G.O.P.

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VIET NAM

The Dance Around the Fire

FEW people really expected much progress to be made in the Viet Nam peace negotiations during the closing days of the U.S. election campaign—and none was. Indeed, there was reason to believe that the Nixon Administration, acutely sensitive to charges of election-eve opportunism, had deliberately postponed taking any hasty action on the proposed settlement until the voting was out of the way. Washington's stalling led to a certain amount of bluster but predictable rhetoric from Hanoi—a ritual that one West European diplomat described as “the dance around the fire.” But there was ample evidence that the negotiations were still, as a high Administration official put it, “on the track.” Within a matter of days after the election, most observers believed, Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger and North Vietnamese Negotiator Le Duc Tho would fly to Paris

to fix the final details of a settlement.

While preparing for a final negotiating session, Hanoi was at pains to assure its unhappy ally, the National Liberation Front, that it had not sacrificed too many of the Front's longtime goals: insistence upon a coalition regime in Saigon, for example, and the removal of Thieu. The U.S., on the other hand, was still hoping that Hanoi would make further, more specific concessions on several key points. Among them: that a cease-fire in South Viet Nam be followed quickly by one in Laos and Cambodia, and that the North Vietnamese commit themselves to the withdrawal of troops from at least the northernmost provinces of South Viet Nam.

The South Vietnamese President, Nguyen Van Thieu, meanwhile continued to reject the proposed accord and at the same time to rally his people in preparation for a cease-fire. Last Sunday, despite a ban on public demonstrations, his government permitted (and stage-managed) the largest political rally the capital has seen in six years. More than 10,000 Vietnamese Catholics marched to the Saigon city hall to register their support of Thieu and their opposition to the settlement.

Despite Thieu's adamant public stance, the continued optimism of the Nixon Administration suggests that Thieu may be showing somewhat more flexibility in private than he has revealed in public; but his final disposition

on the whole question remains unclear. What guarantees the U.S. may have given Thieu are not known. The U.S. is believed to be considering a plan to hire Viet Nam War veterans and other civilians to work as advisers to ARVN after the cease-fire, a scheme that would inevitably draw criticism from Hanoi, to say nothing of U.S. war critics.

On the battlefield, the Communists continued their campaign of sharp, small-scale thrusts into villages and hamlets along the entire length of South Viet Nam in an effort to gain control of more ground before an in-place cease-fire. These attacks, while costly to both sides, tended to keep the South Vietnamese forces off balance, to hit the pacification program by shaking the villagers' faith in their government, and to permit the infiltration of Communist cadre and the recruitment of new troops.

In terms of dramatic impact, the most striking thing that the Communists could do before a settlement is reached would be to launch an attack on Saigon. Guerrilla forces are already operating in small units within 15 miles of the capital, on Highway 1 to the northwest and Highway 13 to the north. Allied intelligence analysts doubt that the Communists are capable of making a major thrust on Saigon, though they concede that attacks by sappers and rocket crews could occur at any time.

More Muscle. To protect the capital, U.S. B-52s have been concentrating on a portion of Binh Duong province, which lies 25 to 50 miles north of Saigon. In addition, every night at least five C-130 gunships circle the city from 8:30 p.m. until dawn, dropping illumination flares and firing on anything that moves in certain areas along the capital's perimeter. On the ground the city is further protected by 33 watchtowers, heavy artillery and a national police force of 21,000 men. Says one U.S. analyst: “As in any big city, it is possible for small groups to get through this defense system. But the idea of any kind of large force coming through is out of the question.”

Still, the possibility remains of concentrated Communist attacks on such targets as Tan Son Nhut and Bien Hoa airbases. Such a move is all the more likely at a time when the U.S. is pouring huge quantities of military supplies—including F-5E jet fighters obtained on a crash basis from Iran, Taiwan and South Korea—into South Viet Nam in an effort to give the ARVN more muscle before a cease-fire goes into effect. The Communists are trying equally hard to beat the deadline by rushing troop reinforcements and as much matériel as possible down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Neither side wants to be at a disadvantage when the dance ends and the fire goes out.

U.S. TANKS ARRIVING IN VIET NAM



SCHOOLGIRLS AT GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED DEMONSTRATION IN SAIGON



Coming In from the Cold War

EUROPE'S bitterest family feud, long the focal point of cold war tension, now appears to be at an end. This week East and West Germany formally agreed upon a state treaty to normalize relations between the Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic. In addition to being a historic milestone on the road to *détente* in Central Europe, the treaty provides a timely boost for West Germany's campaigning Chancellor Willy Brandt, who faces an election Nov. 19. As Brandt grandly summed up its effect: "Much will become possible that was unimaginable before yesterday."

The treaty is, in effect, East Germany's long-sought title to separate status and membership in the community of nations. By its terms, Bonn establishes formal relations with East Berlin. A host of other capitals are sure to follow, starting with the Scandinavian countries. East Berlin will now demand, and will probably get, the right to participate fully in talks scheduled to begin Nov. 22 in Helsinki leading to a European Security Conference; if that happens, the easterners will also join in parallel negotiations expected next year on mutual and balanced force reductions in Europe. By next fall, both Germans can become full-fledged members of the United Nations,¹ which neither could join so long as the status of East Germany remained unsettled.

The most immediate beneficiaries have been ordinary Germans on both sides of the border. Indeed, East Germany was so anxious for international recognition that it acceded to Bonn's de-

mands for visible humanitarian results. The East German government eased the bureaucratic way in which West Berliners must visit relatives living under the Communist regime, and announced that any East German who left the country before Jan. 1, 1972 will be able to return without fear of prosecution. For the first time, East Germans will be permitted to visit relatives in West Germany for family occasions and emergencies—weddings, births, serious illnesses or deaths. And in a burst of unwanted sentimentality, the East Germans last month allowed 24 women to rejoin their husbands and fiancés who had escaped to West Germany.

Toughest Battle. Those gestures, of course, underscored the traditional harshness of the Communist regime. On the eve of its 23rd anniversary last month, East Germany announced an amnesty for thousands of prisoners. By the end of last week more than 7,000 had actually been released; nearly 300 returned to West Germany. They included East Germans who had fled the country and then tried to cross its territory—as well as citizens charged with aiding an escape, smuggling and espionage. Some of the released men were common criminals; they were rearrested in West Germany on old charges of theft, burglary or embezzlement.

Considering the depth of previous hostility, and the complexity of the issues, the treaty was concluded in a remarkably short time—three months from the beginning of formal negotiations in August. At first, East German State Secretary Michael Kohl demanded nothing less than recognition as a foreign country by West Germany, including an exchange of ambassadors. West Germany's Chief Negotiator Egon Bahr deflected that demand, and the representatives of each country will proba-



NEGOTIATORS KOHL & BRAHR IN BONN
Beneficiaries on both sides.

bly be known as "ministers plenipotentiary" in the other's capital, with the personal rank of ambassador.

Probably the toughest battle of all was over a single phrase. East Germany demanded full recognition as a wholly sovereign state. West Germany insisted on keeping alive, however tenuously, the notion of eventual reunification. Bahr therefore sought to include in the preamble a phrase mentioning "the German nation," or "two states of Germany," or "Germany as a whole." Finally, the negotiators sought refuge in obfuscation, agreeing on a reference to "existing differences of opinion including the national question."

There was one more necessary step: a restatement by the U.S., Russia, Britain and France of their continuing rights in Germany as the four victor powers of World War II. That restatement makes the G.D.R.'s sovereignty slightly less than total, and sustains some theoretical possibility of future reunification. The East Germans tried to persuade the Soviets not to agree to any such thing. They lost that argument.

The West German election provided both sides with a target date. Brandt wanted to prevent the state treaty to his electorate as the capstone of his *Ostpolitik*—and both East Germany and the Soviet Union have made no secret of the fact that they would like to see him win. Wisely figuring that there were no votes to be had in opposing *détente*, Opposition Leader Rainer Barzel has concentrated his attacks on West Germany's worrisome inflation (currently, around 6%). But if the treaty swings only a minute percentage of the vote, it could make the difference between another deadlocked Bundestag and a likely victory for Brandt.

¹West Germany will contribute up to \$14 million to the U.N.'s assessments of around \$200 million the first year, and East Germany another \$4 million. That badly needed injection of new money will help cut the U.S.'s contribution from 31% at present to the 25% that Washington has set as a goal.



GERMAN CARTOON'S VIEW OF TREATY: "Will the cake be ready on election day?"

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ARGENTINA

El Líder Returns

Juan Perón, Argentina's onetime strongman, has said repeatedly that he would return to his homeland "when the people tell me the *holla* [roll] is ready for the oven." Apparently the *holla* is now ready. In Buenos Aires, Perón's top aide, Héctor Cámpara, announced that *el Líder* would arrive in Argentina on Nov. 17, thus ending 17 years of exile abroad, most of it spent in princely isolation in Madrid.

Perón's trip has been carefully orchestrated to have the maximum impact. His Argentine supporters, who could deliver up to 40% of the popular vote, have already purchased a \$70,000 house in the posh Buenos Aires suburb of Olivos for their old leader, who turned 77 last month. The house is only eight blocks from the presidential villa of Argentina's current strongman (and Perón's archfoe), Alejandro Lanusse. Peronistas have also chartered a DC-8 from Alitalia to fly their leader home. Aboard will be his third wife Isabella, 41, several aides, household servants and numerous bodyguards—but not Eva, his second wife, who died in 1952 and is considered a saint by Argentina's *descamisados*, or shirtless ones. Her embalmed body, now lodged in a crystal-topped silver coffin, rests in a monastery near Madrid. It will probably follow later, provided Perón can find a burial place that would be safe from the devout depredations of Evita cultists or the angry assaults of anti-Peronistas.

Lanusse, who was once imprisoned by Perón, has boasted that the old dictator will never return and has even been taunting him by saying that "he just hasn't got the guts" to come to Argentina and is playing "hide and seek."

Some of Perón's own aides, fearing

violence, have called the trip "madness." Others feel that *el Líder* exerts far more power in exile than he could at home; Argentina's chaotic economy, saddled with inflation and vanishing export markets, might be too much for him to handle if he was to return to power in next year's election. Asked how long Perón plans to stay if he actually does return, an aide said that "it could be for a few days or for good." As a waffling afterthought, he added: "It will not be for a few hours."

Perón has said that he wants to return home because "I prefer to die with my boots on in Argentina than to expire quietly in a hospital." For that reason alone, he will probably keep his date with destiny—and with the estimated 1,000,000 supporters who are expected to be on hand to greet him at Buenos Aires' sprawling Ezeiza Airport.

THE PHILIPPINES

Life in a "New Society"

Two months ago Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos imposed martial law on his archipelago nation—to "save the Republic," he said, from leftist insurgents. Marcos quickly shut down most of the country's newspapers and television stations and jailed many of his political opponents. He also moved to halt widespread bureaucratic corruption and initiate long-promised but hopelessly delayed economic reforms, and he talked of creating a "new society" in the Philippines. TIME's Robert Elson recently visited Manila to assess some of Marcos' changes and the Filipinos' reactions to them. His report:

Manila still impresses a visitor as an intensely Catholic and traditional city. It must be one of the few places in the world since the end of the Second Vatican Council where a Wednesday night novena can snarl traffic for miles around. The ramshackle old houses in the central city still contrast as sharply as ever with the gleaming villas in the new suburb of Makati, where private security guards carrying carbines patrol outside the smart shops. One notable change, though, is the whitewashed cleanliness of city walls that once were covered with revolutionary slogans and anti-Marcos graffiti. They were washed clean by ROTC students after Marcos shut down the universities. Now that colleges have reopened, the students are obliged to spend their weekends cleaning up vacant lots.

Manila is unmistakably under military rule; yet there is a note of hope in the city and an apparent willingness on the part of Filipinos to suspend judgment, at least temporarily, in order to give the President a chance to work things out. If—and it is a very big if—Marcos can carry out his promised reforms, get the economy moving and provide an honest administration, he



STORAGE ROOM WITH ILLEGAL FIREARMS
Giving the President a chance.

will continue to command the support of most Filipinos. But whether the people like it or not, the Philippines for the foreseeable future will continue under a dictatorship that is somewhat more stringent than that of Lee Kuan Yew in Singapore but less oppressive than that of Chung Hee Park in South Korea.

Marcos has frequently expressed his dedication to the Philippines' libertarian tradition. By downplaying the repressive side of martial law and emphasizing positive reforms, he has tried to overcome the cynicism and distrust evoked when he first moved. He rolled back a recent increase in electrical rates, imposed price and rent controls, brought sugar back to grocery shelves by putting pressure on local speculators, and announced that he would seek to increase exports by increased trade with China. He also introduced a sweeping land-reform decree under which 715,000 tenant farmers occupying 3,700,000 acres of rice and corn lands will become owners of family farms of 12½ acres each.

Gun Control. Perhaps his most successful action to date has been an amnesty for the collection of illegal firearms. So far, 278,000 guns and more than 1,300,000 rounds of ammunition have been turned in—astonishing figures in a land where restaurant and nightclub signs used to invite patrons to "check your guns." The much-needed gun control and a midnight-to-4 a.m. curfew have already resulted in a significant reduction in crimes of violence, as well as late-night traffic accidents.

One curious factor in Marcos' dream of a "new society" is its puritanical streak. Brigadier General Fidel Ramos, commandant of the Philippine constabulary, said recently that his men had closed 124 gambling casinos, 24 of which had been operating openly on



PERÓN & WIFE SHOPPING IN MADRID
Careful orchestration.

THE WORLD

plush Roxas Boulevard before martial law was declared. "I hope, gentlemen," Ramos declared, "that I have not unduly interfered with your social life." Marcos has also banned the *hombus*, pornographic films with titles like *Climax of Love* and *Naked in the Dark*. Strangely, the Manila censor also closed down *Nicholas and Alexandra*.

Lopsided. Marcos' harshest edicts have been reserved for the press and his political opponents, many of whom still languish in jail without any charges being lodged against them. Only three of Manila's seven television channels have been allowed to broadcast again; last week, Marcos ordered others permanently closed. "It would be too unpopular to keep them all closed down," observed one Manila businessman. "After all, a television set is the biggest investment of most families." The only newspapers available are those that are uniformly pro-Marcos; censorship has increased the hunger for news, though not universally. "I think it is better without them," said a waiter. "They used to keep me all stirred up. I think I sleep better at night now."

Filipinos may indeed sleep better because of what they do not know. As a result of press censorship, for example, few are aware that last month Marcos pushed through a new constitutional provision that would enable him to remain in power indefinitely. The action came at a meeting of the constitutional convention, an elected body that for more than a year has been drafting a new constitution that would change the Philippines' American-style presidential government to a British-style parliamentary system. To ensure passage, the measure specified that those who voted for it would automatically become members of the interim parliament. Those who voted against it would, in effect, be writing an end to their political careers. Not surprisingly, the provision passed by a lopsided margin of 264 to 13—not including the votes of six members who were in hiding and six who had been detained.

How long the grace period for Marcos' new regime will last is anybody's guess. Although the Philippine army seems to have contained the relatively small cadre of Maoist insurgents on Luzon, there was a bloody clash two weeks ago between Marcos' troops and units of the fledgling New People's Army at Marawi in Mindanao, where Moslem-Christian sectarian strife could provide a tinderbox for future flare-ups. Marcos has also made some powerful enemies in the past two months, including more than 4,500 civil servants who were fired from their jobs on charges of corruption and disloyalty, and wealthy oligarchs who were financially hurt by the President's economic measures. There is as yet no common focal point for resistance, but if reforms should lag the Filipinos' patience with dictatorial rule could come to an abrupt end.

CHINA

The Dividends of Rediscovery

The rediscovery of modern China is a continuing journalistic event, and each visit by foreign newsmen adds fresh insights into a still largely unknown country. TIME Hong Kong Correspondent David Aikman, who speaks Mandarin, recently visited China for eleven days as one of a small group of journalists covering an official visit by British Foreign Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Excerpts from his report:

WITH a total area of 3.7 million square miles, China is not only larger than the U.S. but embraces at least as wide a variety of climate. There can be few more vivid ways of finding this out than to fly suddenly down from Peking to Canton in the early days of November, exchanging the brisk cold, the austere browns and russets of a northern autumn for the rich greens and the sensuous, languid heat of the tropics. The contrast is greater than moving from New England to Miami at the same time of the year. To leave Peking is to leave an almost Russian-style city—monumental, dogmatically laid out along enormous avenues, dwarfing the population and evoking a sense of enormous power and discipline. To arrive in Canton, the principal city of China's

The people did not all look well-dressed or well-fed. Many of the children, even some of those being marched in school groups on the road itself, were without shoes, and their clothes were often shabby and patched. They looked, on the whole, distinctly thin. The adults mostly wore plain, sleeveless white shirts, which lent an air of brightness to the city that it badly needed.

In contrast, the citizens of Peking appeared uniformly healthy and well-nourished, wrapped against the cold in padded blue cotton jackets, and bicycling carelessly along the vast avenues. There seemed fewer people in greater space and perhaps a greater sense of well-being expressed among them.

Canton airport was like a deserted movie set, the cavernous terminal silent and still and lit only in the section where we got out of our 13-car motorcade. We were ushered through to the waiting Antonov-24 Turboprop on the apron. Two

STREET SCENE IN PEKING



PEDESTRIANS & CYCLISTS IN CANTON



PEKING-TO-SHANGHAI STEWARDESSES

deep south, is to be unmistakably in Asia, surrounded by paddyfields.

Canton itself has a 19th century appearance. The houses and factories and warehouses are packed together in unplanned gray proximity; the skyline of low roofs is broken only by scores of factory chimneys pouring out smoke into the fetid air. It could be a daguerreotype of industrial Liverpool, except that the Pearl River is alive with sampans and junks.

rather sullen stewardesses in creased olive-drab army-style uniforms helped us put our heavy typewriters on the shelves above the seats (contrary to international regulations), handed round candy before takeoff, then retreated to the rear of the 48-seat aircraft. A barely intelligible English-language announcement warned that "all passengers should register inflammables, corrosives, explosives, and radioactive materials with the cabin attendant before takeoff. Use of binoculars, cameras, and other optical equipment is not permitted during the flight."

Our Shanghai interpreter, whom we shall call Mr. Chen, is 33 years old; he was trained in English at one of Shanghai's universities. Every Thursday he goes to a radio assembly factory to learn from the masses, and he has every Sunday off, like most office workers. Mr. Chen is a patient man. He has been applying without success to join the Communist Party since 1965. At any rate, he considers himself fortunate to be able to get away to the countryside for productive labor on a commune one month in every twelve. It is, after all, the only time in the year apart from two days in the spring that he ever sees his wife and their two children who are needed full time on the commune.

Veteran China watchers report that there has been a lessening of the Mao cult in recent months. There is no reason to doubt their word, but it is difficult for the Westerner encountering China for the first time to imagine how the cult of Mao was ever more extensive than it now seems to be. One cannot escape Mao in China. It is a certain bet that if you turn on the radio his name will be mentioned within three minutes, no matter the hour of day or night, either in a song about him, a musical setting of one of his poems, or a lecture on how to apply his thought.

Beneath the inescapable incantatory presence of Maoism, which comes close to being a fanatical, albeit secular faith, cultural life in China is desperately impoverished. "It is time we had a change," a Chinese friend told me. "There is not enough variety in our rev-

olutionary operas." A graduate of a foreign-language institute, my friend had played the saxophone in the institute's orchestra. He also had had a fine collection of Chinese-made recordings of Beethoven's works, which he "lost" during the Cultural Revolution. How? "Well, perhaps my sister put them somewhere," he responded with a grin.

Signs of a cautious return to wider literary interests than poetry praising Mao or socially conscious tractor drivers did appear last year with the republication of Western classics like *Thucydides* and such traditional Chinese novels as *The Dream of the Red Chamber* and *Monkey*. But contemporary Chinese fiction is still appallingly banal by Western standards. At the Hsin Hua bookstore in Peking's main shopping district, I asked a salesgirl to tell me which of the recently published Chinese novels was reckoned the best. "Take your pick over there," she answered unself-consciously. "They're all the same."

Foreigners in Peking who are long-time residents of the city say that the atmosphere now is more relaxed than it was before the Cultural Revolution. A Western diplomat is as perplexed by the change as he is delighted by it. "Three years ago," he said, "people were spitting at you in the street and little children threw stones if you walked down a *hutong* (side street). Now they smile and applaud. All of us who were around then are asking ourselves: Who are the real Chinese?"

Not once during the trip was there any mention of the price of rooms or the cost of meals. When the final bill arrived, it was the lump-sum total of air travel, lodging, meals, laundry, beer, and shoe cleaning for 25 people; it was arbitrarily divided by that number to determine what each newsman had to pay. Eleven nights in Chinese hotels, none of them first-class or even second-class by Western standards, worked out at about \$2.10.

Considering the unprofessional if unquestionably courteous and friendly service (one could never be sure that one's ashtray would be emptied, or that a stale glass of beer from Tuesday would be removed by Thursday), the price would be enough to make casual tourists think twice before deciding on China for their two-week interlude away from Brooklyn.

Yet there are dividends to travel in China that one would find in no other country. In the gigantic hotel restaurants, the food and service were superior to those in most Russian hotels. And where else could you encounter a notice in the main dining room (in Canton) that read in English, "Notice, 26.10.1972. At the evening dinner time, on the 24th (the day before yesterday), a gentleman who sat at table No. 41, after having paid his bill, left his change here (one yuan in number). Please come to the counter [sic] to take it back. —Dinning [sic] Hall.?"

BRITAIN

Anchors Awry

The *Queens* of the Cunard Line used to epitomize royalty almost as much as the majesties that they were named for. Launched in 1968, the *Queen Elizabeth 2* was never as regal as the old *Queen Mary* (now a dry-docked tourist attraction in Long Beach, Calif.) or the first *Queen Elizabeth* (which sank outside Hong Kong harbor last January, the victim of suspected arson). Still, the *Q.E. 2* retained, in its original design, at least some of the proud aura of the days when Britannia ruled the waves. But a \$41 million face-lift, unveiled last week, seems to have turned the only *Queen* still aloft into a bit of a tart.

The leather-paneled library, with its rosewood reading tables, has disappeared; in its place is a casino with gaming tables and one-armed bandits. The lounge area above the ballroom has become a shopping arcade. The best-located bar, which offered an intoxicating view over the ship's bow, has been turned into a kitchen. The forward observation platform, as well as the children's pool and play area and half the sheltered sports deck, have been taken over by 44 new prefabricated cabins.

Added lumps. Cunard ordered the changes to increase both passenger revenues and on-board spending, particularly by Americans. Nonetheless, the face-lift, which was devised by a Florida kitchen-supply firm, has made Britain's designing establishment a bit seasick. Dennis Lennon, who was chiefly responsible for the original interior design of the ship, quit after two weeks on the new project. "It was a national ship," he explained. "It wasn't something to play around with and turn into a honky-tonk." James Gardner, the principal exterior designer of the original, said of the altered superstructure: "We tried to give her lines a quiet dignity like the Mark III Bentley, but now lumps have been added on."

The Cunard Line, which expects the alterations to help increase the *Q.E. 2*'s profits by 50%, seems prepared to weather the storm. But even the line's chairman, Victor Matthews, looked a little queasy after he toured the liner a few hours before it was due to depart Southampton for New York. "This is a disaster," he said, having peered through half-painted cabins with naked light bulbs hanging from their sockets and cables strewn across the floors. "The ship looks as though a bomb has hit it." The *Q.E. 2*'s departure was delayed three days while workmen tried desperately to get it shipshape. Cunard was forced to cough up \$250,000 in emergency shore accommodations or air fares home for 1,550 stranded passengers. After the liner finally weighed anchor this week, a cleanup party of 40 workmen was still aboard, hammering their way across the Atlantic.



PEOPLE

Everybody has his own definition of getting old. To **Brigitte Bardot**, now a hardly senescent 38, it will be "the day I can no longer have the man I'd like." The *Vogue* magazine interviewer seemed a little shocked. What was Brigitte looking for in a man? "That he attract me physically." What about intellect and all that? "It is difficult for me to get interested in subsidiary qualities." Tenderness? "Tenderness is a concentration of all the habits and all the monotones, to be avoided with care." After describing herself as "the most important sex symbol of all time," Brigitte observed: "Time will destroy me one day, as it destroys everything. But no one else will ever be Bardot. I am the only Bardot, and my species is unique."

"When I began it I had no plan at all. I wasn't even writing a book." That observation by **William Faulkner** was made in 1933 as part of an introduction to an edition of his first major novel, *The Sound and the Fury*. The edition never appeared, and Faulkner's 1,200-word preface lay unpublished until the University of South Carolina's James B. Meriwether found the long-missing first page among the novelist's papers and turned the manuscript over to the *Southern Review*. According to Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury* was written in "that ecstacy, that eager and joyous faith and anticipation of surprise." It also contained, he said, the only scene "which would ever move me very much: Caddy climbing the pear tree to look in the window at her grandmother's funeral while Quentin and Jason and Benji and the Negroes looked up at the muddy seat of her drawers."

Poor little preacher boy. He was forced to memorize sermons by having his head pushed under water, earned a

\$3,000,000 fortune that his parents kept from him, was doomed at 28 to a freakish sort of fame. That's the way ex-Evangelist **Marjoe Gortner** told it in the movie about his life, *Marjoe*. His father, Vernon Gortner, 69, disagrees. "I heard constantly from him before the movie broke," he said, but when the elder Gortner saw the film, "it was all I could do to choke back tears. Now he's told so many untruths he's afraid to face me. There never was such a sum. If it was money I was after, I'd have been in another business." Why, then, the movie? "Somehow," said Gortner, "he came under the influence of Satan."

In the midst of his office labors, **John F. Kennedy** liked to doodle squares and arrows and even to make sketches: houses, boats, things like that. Some of his creations he gave away to family and friends (there are five known speci-



SKETCH BY JOHN F. KENNEDY
A million-dollar doodle.

mens), but at least one item ended up in the wastebasket. That, apparently, is where someone found a sketch of the Kennedy compound at Hyannis Port, Mass. Now that picture belongs to an Alexandria, Va., antique dealer named Holly Langhorne, who acquired it in exchange for some *objets d'art*. Next year, on the tenth anniversary of J.F.K.'s death, Ms. Langhorne says she will reproduce the drawing in an expensive limited edition (all destined for charity). J.F.K.'s original, she says, she "wouldn't part with for a million dollars."

"A little shocked, quite delighted and very happy," was the way **Diahann Carroll** described her feelings on becoming engaged to longtime (two years) Boy Friend **David Frost**, the television talk-show star. "He proposed in Los Angeles ten days ago," she added, "and he managed to do it without making it



DAVID FROST & DIAHANN CARROLL
Shocked, delighted, happy.

sound like an interview." The beaming Frost refused to kiss his bride-to-be in front of the press, saying, "We'll do that in privacy." He promised the wedding will take place in London at Easter.

He had a million dollars to offer, it was said, to any country that would accept him. As that word was passed, **Meyer Lansky**, 70, the former Miami gambling king who was ejected from Israel after a two-year stay, took off on a two-day intercontinental odyssey in search of a home. After changing planes in Zurich, he boarded an overnight flight to Rio de Janeiro. But would Brazil let him stay? It did not even let him out of the airport. Neither did Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru or Panama. Inexorably, Lansky's airliner continued its flight to Miami, and there two waiting FBI agents arrested the old man for gambling, tax evasion and various other malefactions. Before leaving Israel, Lansky disclosed that he had bought a burial plot there, adding, "If I can't come back alive, at least my body will."

Many still remember her as a curly-haired mopet singing the *Good Ship Lollipop*, but **Shirley Temple Black**, now 44 and the mother of three children, has devoted her recent years to public affairs—as a congressional candidate, U.N. delegate and special assistant on the President's Council on Environmental Quality. Stricken with a breast tumor, Shirley not only underwent a mastectomy but publicly announced the operation so "that women will not be afraid to go to their doctors for diagnosis when they have unusual symptoms." Doctors reported that they had removed all malignancy, and Shirley declared: "I am grateful to God, my family and my doctors for the successful outcome, because I have much more to accomplish before I am through."

GORTNER READING BIBLE TO MARJOE (1949)



THE PRESS

Campaign That Was: Some Bright Spots

If the 1972 presidential campaign-ers did not cover themselves with glory, neither did the nation's press. With Nixon cloistered in the White House and McGovern on the defensive and increasingly shrill, there was little cogent dialogue to report or analyze. Instead of seeking out substantive issues, the press too often devoted itself to a running story on polls and predictions. Since these differed merely on the magnitude of Nixon's forthcoming victory, the campaign coverage never worked up even a small measure of suspense. There was plenty of rancorous rhetoric. The New York Times's Tom Wicker lashed out bitterly at Nixon as a preacher of falsehoods whose pious pledges are "obscene"; just as relentlessly, Syndicated Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak belittled the "ludicrously inept" Democratic campaign.

Summing up press coverage of the campaign, *Columbia Journalism Review* Editor Alfred Balk lamented: "My heart bleeds for our trade." Yet there were some praiseworthy exceptions by reporters and writers who dug beneath the bleak surface to uncover new material and insights. The greatest impact was probably made by the Knight Newspapers' Clark Hoyt, who unearthed Tom Eagleton's medical history. Laurels also go to the Washington Post's investigative team of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, young reporters who diligently pursued the Watergate affair and, during much of October, made daily national headlines with their findings. Other outstanding performances:

► Author Gary Wills (*Nixon Agonistes*) wrote brilliantly on the metaphysics of American politics. A man of both erudition and back-room savvy, Wills favored McGovern, but in *New York* magazine he skewered the Democratic candidate's "motivated benignity"; "He does what he does because it is right, and it is right because he does it." Writing in the New York Times Magazine on the Sunday before Election Day, Wills scoffed at liberal fears that Nixon's re-election would herald the end of freedom: "Learning to live with Nixon is just the prosaic, unappealing task of getting along with ourselves."

► David S. Broder, chief political correspondent for the Washington Post, based his often prescient columns on a thorough grasp of Washington realities and extensive travels through the country. Broder pinpointed a paradox in the voters' mood: "We're not notably consistent in any respect. We want to keep the Russians and Chinese in their places, but we want to end the draft. We want the benefits of mass production tech-

niques, but we want relief from the drudgery of assembly-line jobs."

► The Chicago Daily News's Washington correspondent Peter Lisagor treated both parties with commendable fairness while panning a campaign he called "a dismal disappointment, the least ennobling in our experience." Mike Royko, Lisagor's Chicago-based colleague, deftly pointed out the irony of Mayor Richard Daley's quick return to party eminence after being unseated by McGovernites at the Democratic Convention: "He's getting his revenge, all right...He just sits back and lets the reformers and new-politics crowd come to him, asking: 'Steal one for us, Dick.'"

► Political Analyst Richard Reeves contributed a series of sophisticated, vignette-laden articles to *New York* magazine. His account of McGovern's hapless efforts to lure back the urban Jewish vote included an illustrative bit of hyperbole: "When the candidate decided to make his Israel speech in a New York synagogue on a Friday night in June, it took New Yorkers three days to explain to McGovern and his staff why they didn't do it on the Sabbath."

► "The Nixon Watch," a regular feature in the liberal *New Republic* by John Osborne, continued its tradition of cool, objective observation of White House activity. No fan of Nixon's, Osborne nonetheless admired the effectiveness of the Republican campaign strategy: "It is McGovern, not Nixon, who has been driven to the harsh and shrill extremes that have been Nixon trademarks." Watching Nixon deflect questions on Watergate, Osborne grudgingly commended "a display of mixed gall and skill that I've never seen equaled." He also noted and deplored the effect on reporters of the "mesmerizing power of the presidency."

► William F. Buckley's conservative *National Review* early published a thorough analysis of McGovern's controversial economic theories, claiming through charts and figures that McGovern's proposed retooling of the federal budget would create an additional deficit of \$100 billion a year. For one thing, increased taxation of estates would not yield as much as McGovern estimated, wrote Associate Editor Alan Reynolds. "Surely it is obvious that more donations would be made by people while alive, that there would be more profligate consumption, that people would work less and retire sooner."

► In the campaign's closing weeks, Walter Cronkite and reporters for the



"That—in substance—is our stand on P.O.W.s."



Out of the woodwork.

CBS Evening News devoted large blocks of air time to detailed reports on the Russian wheat-sale scandal, Watergate and the candidates' positions on diverse issues. CBS's willingness to go beyond superficial coverage of daily charges and countercharges was the lone bright picture in network television's spotty campaign coverage.

► Unlike their colleagues of the written word, cartoonists found the campaign an easy mark. The Denver Post's Oliphant was consistently on target, and that target was Nixon—Nixon grimly outfitted Agnew with a fright wig and electric guitar for the benefit of the 18-year-olds voters, Nixon attacked by creeping "Watergate bugs." Don Hesse of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat reserved much of his fire for McGovern's foot-in-mouth campaign statements and woeful showing in the polls; a characteristic Hesse offering shows McGovern, in tattered football gear, telling a dispirited huddle, "Cheer up—we're 3rd down and 85 yds. to go." More often than not, the press found itself in that same dilemma—playing catch-up ball in a sprawling, chaotic game. In retrospect, readers must be grateful that team members scored as many times as they did.

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Competence



Return of the Midwife

Midwifery may not be the world's oldest profession, but it is described in the earliest books of the New Testament. The midwife was an accepted member of the social structures of ancient Greece and Rome, and once held the exclusive right to assist women at childbirth. In most countries she is still a respected member of the medical-care system. In the U.S., midwives dominated obstetrics as late as the 19th century, when their role was taken over by doctors, many of whom considered these women anachronistic and unqualified and supported efforts to legislate them into obscurity.

Today, with the advent of new professional requirements and certification, midwifery is on the increase in this country. According to figures released last week at the 50th anniversary meeting of the International Confederation of Midwives in Washington, D.C., the number of certified midwives in the U.S. has climbed to 1,200; a decade ago, it was only 400. Demand for their services is increasing faster than supply, and at least a dozen hospitals and medical centers, including the Yale University School of Nursing and the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, offer midwife-training programs for graduate nurses. The U.S. Air Force has plans to offer a course for nurses who wish to be midwives in Air Force hospitals.

There are several reasons for the resurgence. One is the relative scarcity of women doctors and the desire of some Women's Liberationists to avoid male obstetricians. Another reason is the gradual acceptance of home delivery outside of remote rural areas, where it is often a necessity. "The difference between a home delivery and a hospital delivery is the difference between day and night," says Mary Edna Fitzpatrick, recently retired from teaching at the Medical College of Virginia and a veteran of about 140 deliveries during her own years as a public-health nurse. "At home you don't get any screaming and yelling, and you don't have to use as much medication. Labor is shortened by hours."

Yet another reason for the midwife's growing popularity is the quality of care she is able to provide her patients. Some doctors feel it unnecessary to remain with their patients from the beginning of labor to its conclusion; midwives stay with their

throughout the entire process. They can also perform other important services, providing prenatal care for the mother as well as postnatal care for her and her child, and advising on family planning and hygiene. Says Ruth Freeman, professor emerita of Johns Hopkins University: "Midwifery focuses on health rather than illness, on helping families to deal with their own problems rather than to rely on artificial outside support."

Midwives, many believe, can also help to ease the shortage of medical manpower, particularly in rural areas where doctors are few. Bethel, Alaska, had a high infant and maternal mor-



16TH CENTURY DELIVERY
Demand exceeds supply.

tal rate before the Indian Health Service sent a lone midwife there in 1969; her work has proved so successful that 20 other communities have asked for similar help.

New Laws. The laws on midwifery vary from state to state, but generally a nurse trained in the profession may deliver a baby unaided as well as give local anesthetics, perform minor obstetric surgery and fit contraceptives. Midwives work in maternity clinics connected with hospitals as well as in homes, but wherever they work, a doctor must be always on call in case of emergency. Several states even require that a doctor be in the room when a baby is delivered, no matter how normal the circumstances. In a speech to last week's convention, Dr. Roger Egeberg, special assistant to the Secretary of HEW in the area of health policy, called midwives "urgently needed health-care professionals," and called

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MEDICINE

for legislation to enhance their status.

Dr. G.J. Kloosterman, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Amsterdam, told the conference that approximately 70% of all babies born could be satisfactorily delivered by midwives. A substantial number already are—and not merely in the underdeveloped countries of Africa and Asia. Professional midwives handle the majority of normal births in such technologically advanced countries as Sweden, Germany and The Netherlands. In England, which has one of the world's most advanced health-care systems, 80% of all births are handled by midwives.

Flyers' Ailments

If an airline passenger becomes sick during flight, his problems can often be solved by a stewardess with a plastic bag. If a pilot becomes ill, the result can be disastrous. Eighty-one died when a pilot suffered a heart attack while landing at Ardmore, Okla., in 1966; on at least 17 other occasions in the past ten years, air-crew illness has been responsible for harmless, though potentially serious mishaps and near misses. To minimize the possibility of airborne illness, the Federal Aviation Administration requires all U.S. command pilots to undergo regular physical examinations every six months. Few doubt that the examinations, which

include annual electrocardiograms for all pilots over 40, are necessary. But a growing number of doctors and FAA officials now question if they are stringent enough.

At a recent meeting on aviation medicine in Nice, France, Dr. Alois Sauer, a West German physician who does overseas examinations for the FAA, reported that he had put 804 U.S. and German pilots through voluntary checkups stricter than those the FAA requires. Over a period of eight years, Dr. Sauer's examinations revealed that at least 50 pilots, nearly all of them Americans who fly charter planes, had diseases that could have made them unfit to fly. Some had serious cardiovascular disorders which might not have shown up in FAA exams. Other problems discovered included diabetes, liver ailments, syphilis, tuberculosis, paratyphoid fever and kidney disease. Several had two or more maladies.

Blind Spots. Sauer's was not the only alarm sounded at the meeting. United Airlines reported that in three years of monitoring 175 pilots for symptoms of hypoglycemia, or low blood sugar, they discovered that 20% showed some tendency toward the condition. Two of these pilots had such attendant symptoms as visual impairment, dizziness and sweating. Hypoglycemia, however, is easily controlled. Indeed, none of the pilots with hypoglycemic tendencies had to be grounded

as a result of their condition; their blood sugar counts were stabilized with special diets.

Most of the country's major airlines subject their pilots to examinations with more rigorous standards than the FAA's. American Airlines' testing includes brain-wave monitoring and screening for "prediabetic" and heart problems. Pan American, Trans-World Airlines and United are similarly strict. The Mayo Clinic includes extensive psychological testing in its preemployment examinations of Northwest Airlines pilots. The pilots' contracts with the companies expressly prohibit any information gained through the airlines' medical tests from being passed on to the FAA.

All flyers may soon be subjected to more stringent testing, however, for the FAA is now considering requiring some of the checks Sauer incorporated into his study. One of them is the Master "two-step" test designed to measure how the heart reacts to the physical stress of repeatedly ascending and descending two steps in the testing room. Although such tests have become routine additions to many physical examinations, the Air Line Pilots Association, which represents 31,000 pilots, objects to the proposal. One of its arguments is that the two-step test could produce misleading results. In fact, ALPA has even made plans to strike the airlines if such testing is made part of the FAA physical.

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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Last-Place Tie

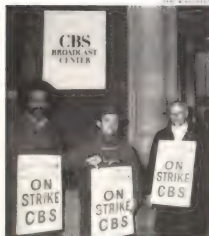
If the TV viewer had gone to bed early on Election Night and awakened at 2:10 a.m. E.S.T. to follow the returns, his TV screen would have presented quite a surprise. In many parts of the country, the screens were simply blank; in others they carried sign-off sermonettes or such ancient movie reruns as *The Valley of Decision*, starring Greer Garson and Gregory Peck. Never before in a presidential race had so many stations retired so early. Even during the Johnson landslide they had kept Dracula's hours, but this time all three networks wrapped up their coverage by 2 a.m.

To the network men, and to their viewers, the abbreviated evening of Richard Nixon's landslide resembled a first-round knockout in a scheduled ten-round match. After 9 p.m. the anchor men seemed stunned; there was little left to say. The projections were in, the landslide gaining momentum; all that remained were the interviews and the instant analysis. Frustrated, facing empty hours with few ingredients, ABC, NBC and CBS retired almost as if they were a bit ashamed of the size of the Nixon swamp.

The election coverage had not begun that way. To listen to the promotion was to believe that one of the Western world's great emotional experiences lay at the twist of a dial. The networks ran as hard as the presidential candidates. One considered itself an analogue. "For best results," read its ad, "take NBC News." Another took to the hustings. "Vote straight CBS News Re-elect the most trusted man in America...Walter Cronkite," ABC modestly reported that Howard K. Smith and Harry Reasoner would tell what went on in the polling booth "and what's coming out." All three networks emphasized citizenship and the tireless high-mindedness of electronic journalism. None mentioned the high-pricedness. This year the combined coverage cost some \$10 million, roughly what the presidential candidates together spent on TV commercials—with about the same results. Adman Stanley Tannenbaum, chairman of Kenyon & Eckhardt, was forced to cry electronic tears. "If I had as little effect with \$10 million of my clients' money, I'd shoot myself," he told the *New York Times*. "After all that advertising, [the candidates] haven't moved the needle."

Accuracy. The viewer could have registered the same plaint. For all their frantic promotion, their booming patriotism and self-congratulation, the networks gave a fatigued and indifferent performance. During the warmups, there was a moment of suspense; then the computers ratified the polls and all was over. At 8:30 p.m., NBC won the presidential prediction match by calling Nixon the victor. CBS followed about 20 minutes later. At 9:20, ABC chimed in with its prediction of a landslide.

All three networks offered disclaimers of a rat, horse or broadcast race. "It's accuracy that counts," insisted NBC Executive Producer Robert Northshield. "I didn't give one goddam who won the race. The minute I walk into the studio I always enjoy a suspension of citizenship." Still he was quick to recall that NBC had been the first to predict the Johnson victory in 1964. ABC News President Elmer Lower also demanded



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"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."

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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

accuracy over immediacy—and put his network where his mouth was. Ronald Reagan, among others, had asked that broadcasters hold predictions until Western polls closed. ABC alone honored the request, thereby losing the first-with-the-least-sweepstakes.

CBS had more on its mind than mere competition. Four days before the election, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers struck the network, blacking out three N.F.L. football games and an important *Face the Nation* broadcast (guests: George McGovern and Spiro Agnew), and threatening to obliterate election coverage. Fearing labor troubles at the worst of all possible times, Jean Westwood, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asked CBS to keep away from any Democratic functions; several candidates also gave excellent imitations of persons badly frightened by a picket line. CBS got the message and canceled its "remote" pickups from some 20 locations. The network was thus forced to stay within a restricted area, leaning even more heavily upon the services of an oaken but somewhat weary Walter Cronkite. Despite this, when the early Nielsen came in, they showed CBS ahead by 15% in New York City's viewer vote. In later tallies, NBC came out ahead. "I dunno," said a CBS executive, shaking his head. "Maybe they tuned in to see us goof up. Or maybe they just got tired of all those remotes on the other networks." Actually, there were no real goof-ups; supervisory personnel did all the work with scarcely a moment of dead air.

Orotund. With the exception of a few local reporters, the coverage on most stations proved as numbing as six hours of *Gilligan's Island* reruns. The tot boards endlessly reeled off numbers that were rendered ciphers by the landslide. Reporters talked aimlessly with such pundits as Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr. Late in the evening, even Eric Sevareid was at a loss for his specialty, the orotund, empty phrase. In desperation he began to pick the brain of Luigi Barzini, author of *The Italians* and a dilettantish follower of McGovern's campaign.

If the difference in networks was so slight, if the night was so brief, if the minutes of prediction were so close, why did the broadcasters dispatch so much personnel and hardware? After all, even with the unprecedented tri-network sponsorship of J.C. Penney—manifestly hoping for gilt by association—all three networks maintained their honorable tradition of losing money on the Big Night. The answer does not lie behind the screen but before it. "Every man speaks of public opinion," wrote G.K. Chesterton, "and means by public opinion, public opinion minus his opinion." No matter what the polls said, the viewer had to see it for himself. What he saw was not only the President winning by a landslide but three networks involved in a tie for last place.



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DANCE

Delights of Diversity

A dance marathon staged by New York's City Center? Was that doughty cultural impresario succumbing to the nostalgia craze reviving the 1920s stunts in which competing couples danced away the night—and the day, and sometimes the night again? Not quite. The City Center American Dance Marathon '72, which ended last week at Manhattan's ANTA Theater, was devoted more to the delights of diversity than to endurance. Over a period of six weeks, 20 of the most ruggedly individual dance companies in the U.S. matched style and idea in stalwart succession.

Most of the companies were already sufficiently established to be active throughout the U.S. at festivals, in smaller cities or on college campuses. By bringing them together in one big bash, and by risking the inevitable flops along with the successes, the City Center hoped to give the companies a kind of exposure and impact that otherwise would be beyond their reach. Alas, ticket sales were disappointing, and the City Center (which tried a similar venture on a smaller scale two years ago) has no immediate plans for another marathon. All the more reason to cheer the companies that most enlivened this one. Items:

► Inner City Repertory Dance Company, based in Los Angeles and led by a studious black named Donald McKayle, is a well-knit company of young black and white dancers. One of the best of them is Leslie Watanabe, who danced a leading role in McKayle's new *Sojourn* as though the work were not about a few visits, but about all time. Set to a wryly dissonant musical trifle, *Rhapsodie à Sept* by André Jolivet, *Sojourn* sent the dancers back and forth in changing patterns like travelers meeting briefly at a crossroads. Another Inner City star is Michele Simmons, who brought a

simple dignity to her Caribbean *mujer eternal* in McKayle's *Songs of the Disinherited*, then portrayed three faces of woman (sweetheart, wife, mother) in McKayle's mournful ode to the chain-gang life, *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder*. If McKayle's choreographic style shows a knack for quick, deft blending of styles (such as modern, jazz, calypso, ballet), that is largely because he has spent much of the past decade tailoring dances to the tight demands of TV shows (Ed Sullivan, Bill Cosby).

► Lotte Goslar's New York-based Pantomime Circus demonstrates a rare and precious conceit: dance can be funny as well as fashionable. One of the best of American mimes, Goslar is a dumpling of a woman with a turned-up nose and a turned-down figure that often resembles a lightly squeezed tube of toothpaste. Gnome is where her heart is, especially when spoofing flowers, inchworms and swishy ballet masters, or imitating a katydid rubbing its legs (*Splendor in the Grass*). When four of her dancers somehow managed to portray a cowardly lion encountering an equally cowardly clown in a cage (*Circus Scene*), it became clear that she is not the only one who wears the *pantalone* in her deliciously zany company.

► Rod Rodgers Dance Company is the creation of a comparatively recent but exciting recruit to professional dance, who in 1967 helped form the Association of Black Choreographers with the stated aim of discovering "the dance identity of the Afro American." Rodgers' *Rhythm Ritual*, in which his dancers provided their own exotic accompaniment by beating sticks and bells, seemed like an ongoing experiment that has not yet found a final form. But in *Harambee!*, a drama about martyred black leaders, accompanied by five onstage drummers, his flair for sound and atmosphere brightened the stage of the ANTA with vivid scenes: the shooting of a black chief, a bust by the authorities, the rebirth of rebellion in the upsurge of anger that follows.

► José Limón Dance Company finds a major U.S. dancer and choreographer now watching from the wings (Limón is 64), but still managing to charge a young, vibrant ensemble with his familiar spirit, dignity and eloquence of movement. One new Limón work, *The Unsung*, a choreographically skillful paean to America's vanquished Indian heroes, was imbued with all of the solemnity of an Indian sun dance and, unfortunately, much of its tedium. But *Orfeo*, a free, ever-unwinding retelling of the old legend set to Beethoven's *String Quartet*



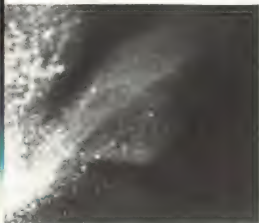
HAWKINS & NADA REAGON
Reversing step and beat.

No. 11, summoned up the poetic suggestiveness and exquisite line that characterized his first big success, *The Moor's Pavane*, which is still a favorite with the American Ballet Theater. Less striking but still provocative were *Dances for Isadora*, which drew on the Duncan story to fashion a subtle metaphor of death-in-life and life-in-death, and *Carlatu*, a mad court fantasy (danced to silence) about the widow of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. Where is the permanent theater home that Limón deserves?

► Erick Hawkins Dance Company is the current forum for the abstract, avant-garde, and sometimes uneven work of a former husband and partner of Martha Graham. Hawkins regularly choreographs his works before his long-time collaborator, Composer Lucia Dlugoszewski, writes the music. This rather strange reversal of step and beat, not to mention cart and horse, too often showed in what might have been called the super-calisthenicization of his choreography. Yet Hawkins frequently attained a timeless mood in such Oriental-flavored works as *Dawn Dazzled Dusk*. The pseudo-Apollonian *Angels of the Inmost Heaven* featured a quartet of beauties who appeared topos to the accompaniment of a quintet of brass. Although Hawkins deployed the girls with such ritualistic restraint that the effect was almost asexual, the work succeeded in one kind of choreography that few other companies in the marathon have mastered: the concerted movement of large numbers of people past the box office and into the auditorium.



RODGERS & SHIRLEY RUSHING
Beating sticks and bells.



UNDERWATER PHOTO OF "APPENDAGE"

Myth or Monster?

The legend dates back to the 6th century A.D., when St. Columba began converting Scotland to Christianity. While visiting the Loch Ness area one day, Columba saw a giant animal rear out of the water and lunge at one of his monks. Only when the good saint made the sign of the cross did the beast back off. Since that frightening debut, Nessie, as the beast has become known, has appeared countless times to villagers and visitors alike; there are even murky photos of the famed Loch Ness monster. Despite such "evidence," scientists remain highly skeptical. Nessie's "proper habitat," the erudite journal *Nature* once scoffed, is not one of Britain's largest lakes but "the underworld of fables."

Now the skeptics may have to re-examine their doubts. The latest observations of the Loch Ness monster come not from bibulous tourists or imaginative locals but from a group with apparently impeccable credentials: the Boston-based Academy of Applied Science. An organization of inventors, engineers and other science buffs, the academy was founded by a well-to-do patent attorney and M.I.T. physics graduate named Robert H. Rines. For the past three summers, in collaboration with Britain's own Loch Ness Investigation Bureau, academy investigators have kept patient nightly watch on the waters of the loch, using the latest underwater cameras and sonar gear.

Common Trick. In the wee hours of the morning of Aug. 8, the sonar suddenly indicated that something was lurking near by in some 45 ft. of water. After a time, whatever was there disappeared, only to reappear a few minutes later and then vanish again. Rines had his men play a strong spotlight on the waters, a common trick used to attract fish. To Rines' delight, the light apparently had an effect on whatever was

in the loch: the sonar resumed its odd tracings. The evidence, which was examined by experts in sonar at M.I.T., Raytheon Co. and Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, tended to back Rines' own theory that the sonar had picked up not one but two Nessies, that they were at least 20 or 30 ft. long, had several humps, fins and long tails. Indeed, one shot taken by the academy's underwater camera shows what seems to be a long triangular appendage.

The existence of such beasts in Loch Ness would not entirely strain credibility. Believers argue that large salt-water creatures could have been trapped in Scotland's lakes when they were cut off from the sea at the end of the last ice age. Doubters reply that it is by no means sure that Loch Ness was ever linked to the sea, that there is hardly enough food in the loch to support such leviathans and that in any case, there would have to be at least 20 animals in a breeding herd—too many for the imaginations of even the most avid monster theorists.

Still, a question remains: If they were not echoes from a living thing, what did cause the strange traces on Rines' sonar?

Treasure of Flowerdew

Located in the heart of Tidewater Virginia, the 1,400-acre farm is hardly distinguishable from its neighbors along the James River. There are fields of soybeans, corn and peanuts; well-fed cattle roam the pastures. Only its name seems special: "Flowerdew Hundred."

has survived almost intact since 1618 when it was chosen by its first owner, Governor Sir George Yeardley, in honor of his wife, Temperance Flowerdew ("hundred" is an old English land division). But now Flowerdew Hundred has acquired unexpected fame: within its boundaries, diggers have discovered the remains of one of the earliest English plantations in the New World.

The man who moved Flowerdew out of bucolic obscurity is a shrewd, self-taught archaeologist named Leverette Gregory. He suspected that Flowerdew might still harbor relics from the original Yeardley settlement, which is known from old chronicles to have been founded shortly after the first settlement at nearby Jamestown. Thus Gregory asked the farm's owners, New York Investment Banker David A. Harrison III and his wife, for permission to do a little spadework. He soon found pieces of exposed sandstone that were not native to the area and clearly cut and shaped by human hands. A little digging suggested that the stones—which may have been brought from England as ballast in ships—were part of the foundation of an ancient building. Most convincing of all, there were telltale gaps in the foundation where timbers might have been lodged.

To Norman Barka and other archaeologists at William and Mary, the regular spaces offered convincing evidence of so-called "cruck" architecture, used in medieval England for construction of cottages and farm dwellings. Naturally curved timbers were split down the middle and placed opposite to each other—as in modern A-frame houses—to form the supports. If the Flowerdew remnants are in fact from a cruck building, they would



EARLY FORTIFIED SETTLEMENT AT JAMESTOWN



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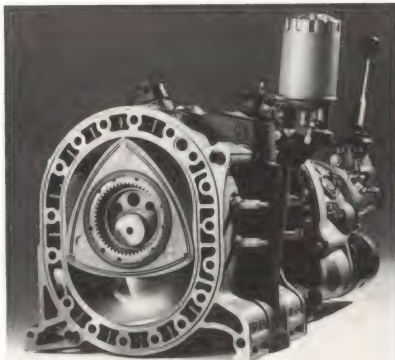
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Why so remarkable? Because, if the rotary's simplicity is elegant, it is also incredibly sophisticated—a 3-lobe rotor turning through 360° within a figure-8 shaped epitrochoidal chamber, the rotor apexes in constant contact with the walls.

And although since 1958 some 20 international companies have bought licenses to develop a rotary,

Mazda RX-2 Coupe—whirling up a storm of smooth, silent, rotary power



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Mazda is still the only one that has managed to mass-produce thoroughly proven and utterly reliable rotary engine cars at a reasonable price. All other things being equal, the reason why Mazda succeeded where the Giants failed must be a matter of old-fashioned determination and enthusiasm. An enthusiastic auto maker. Unusual.

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 **MAZDA**
Toyo Kogyo Co., Ltd.

be the first evidence that this construction technique was used by early Americans.

Since April, when really serious digging began, no fewer than 1,000 major artifacts have been unearthed. The catalogue ranges from ancient Indian relics to a wide sampling of colonial Americana that includes a rusty piece of armor, flintlocks, riding spurs, china and cutlery, locks and keys, hand-wrought iron nails and pins, a wine-bottle seal and even Venetian glass beads (apparently for barter with the Indians).

Decade of Digging. The William and Mary researchers are convinced that digging will yield still more treasures: the plantation's original cemetery, which perhaps includes headstones for the six settlers killed in a 1622 Indian massacre that nearly ended English colonization in Virginia; the foundations of other plantation buildings and fortifications; perhaps even traces of the old windmill, the first in English America, that stood on a promontory, still known as Windmill Point, overlooking the James River. Indeed, the archaeologists are certain that there is such a bonanza buried under Flowerdeew Hundred that it will take at least a decade to dig it all up.

To speed their work, the team is turning to the latest technological innovations. Technicians are using a high-powered gun that sprays a stream of fine-grain abrasive particles to remove grit and rust from fragile artifacts, yet does not damage them. The diggers have also enlisted a computer. With it they have calculated the area of the cruck-house roof (1,722 sq. ft.) and the total number of tiles required for it (6,378). Eager to reveal Flowerdeew Hundred's hidden trove to the public, the Harrisons are generously supporting the excavation and hope one day to restore the plantation to its original early-17th century condition.

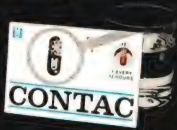
Footprints on the Rug

It has long been known that certain materials become electrified when they are rubbed together. That is, they lose or gain enough electrons to acquire a charge of static electricity. In this state, the materials will attract dust, hair and other lightweight fluff that happen to have an opposite charge. Now a British researcher has proposed that this phenomenon be used for a practical purpose: to help track down criminals.

Distinctive Field. The idea comes from Physicist Kurt Greenwood of the British textile industry's Shirley Institute in Manchester; he has been studying ways of reducing the static electricity built up by walking across carpets and other floor coverings. Greenwood knew that static electricity may be generated wherever a shoe



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rubs against a rug. His research had further established that the charge can persist for hours (particularly on some synthetic rugs in dry air) and that the shape of the charged area conforms to the shape of the sole and heel that created it. Those facts were of particular interest to Greenwood, who had also done forensic research for the Home Office—which has overall control of the police service in England and Wales. Could the distinctive electrical fields be used like fingerprints as a means of identification? If so, how could they be readily made visible for investigators?

Greenwood strode purposefully across some synthetic carpeting and then rolled thousands of tiny plastic

DEREK ROYCE



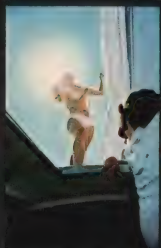
GREENWOOD TESTING BEADS

There's the rub.

heads across it. Most of the beads could be easily blown off the rug. But some stuck in place, attracted by the local static charges that Greenwood had created by his walk. In fact, they formed clusters that looked like footprints wherever his heels and soles had come in contact with the carpet. Greenwood found that he could use the beads to detect his shoeprints up to a day after he had walked across the rug.

Greenwood's technique is obviously cruder than fingerprinting, and could provide only an indication of the size and shape of a criminal's shoes. Still, the Home Office, which encouraged Greenwood in his research, has hopes that the technique will prove useful to detectives. Electrostatic shoeprints, for instance, could give some hint of the size and sex of a culprit, reveal how many people were involved in a caper and even allow police to trace their movements.

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THE LAW

Death Rattles

Most people assumed that the death penalty died last June when the U.S. Supreme Court, by a 5-4 vote in *Furman v. Georgia*, declared capital punishment unconstitutional. So why, in this week's election, did California ask its voters for their opinion on capital punishment? In fact, the U.S. Supreme Court decision was not all that clear. Each of the nine Justices was moved to write his own opinion, and at least two Justices based their anti-death decision on the "arbitrary" and "freakish" choice of those on whom the penalty has been imposed. For those who still support capital punishment, that observation suggested that it might yet be revived. The problem, explains Oklahoma Attorney General Larry Derrberry, is "how to write a law the U.S. Supreme Court will approve."

So far, most of the effort to reinstate the death penalty has concentrated on eliminating "arbitrariness" by making death mandatory for certain crimes. A Florida commission named by Governor Reubin Askew recently recommended that the death penalty be required for anyone convicted of a premeditated murder or a murder in connection with rape, kid-

napping, hijacking, bombing or arson. A group of 19 state attorneys general is now busy drafting proposals ranging from a U.S. constitutional amendment to a model law with a mandatory death sentence for such crimes as murder by contract or the killing of a policeman. At least ten state legislatures will consider capital-punishment bills at their next sessions.

In the courts, Delaware's attorney general has a case before the state's highest bench in which he contends that the U.S. Supreme Court decision really meant not the end of capital punishment but (in Delaware anyway) that it must now be imposed invariably for designated capital crimes. Last month, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court rejected an effort by Philadelphia Prosecutor Arlen Specter and his assistant Richard Sprague to show that the state's death penalty has not in fact been imposed arbitrarily. Sprague, who is one of the nation's most fervent supporters of capital punishment and is prosecuting the Yablonski nine union murder cases (TIME, July 17), based his argument on a study he has made of Pennsylvania's condemned men. Poor, black or uneducated defendants, he said, are actually slightly less likely than others to receive death



JOE KAGEBEIN (AGE 17) ON DEATH ROW
More than half are still there.

sentences. The court refused to admit the study as evidence. Undaunted, Sprague is trying to find another way to introduce it in support of the two death penalties returned so far against the Yablonski killers.

The N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, which masterminded the attack on capital punishment, is confident that its victory will stand despite the new efforts. L.D.F. Attorney Jack Himmelstein insists that Sprague's study

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TIME, NOVEMBER 20, 1972

KING OF BEARDS



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THE LAW

still does not show any rational distinction between those who do and do not get death. As for turning to mandatory execution, Himmelstein contends that it "would be administered just as arbitrarily." Prosecutors, he points out, could still bring lesser charges, juries could return lesser convictions and Governors would choose which sentences to commute. "We used to have mandatory capital punishment," Himmelstein notes. "The reason we turned to discretionary is that discretionary was in fact what was happening anyhow."

The L.D.F. nonetheless is keeping careful tabs on the death-decision aftermath. By its count, courts in at least 17 of the 35 states with functioning death-penalty statutes have already ruled that the Supreme Court's decision applies; the Delaware Supreme Court, on the other hand, finally accepted the attorney general's argument and ruled that a mandatory death penalty is still constitutional. As of now, somewhat less than half the 631 prisoners on death row at the time of the Supreme Court's decision have had their death sentences formally voided. Nor could anyone currently under a death sentence ever be executed under new laws, even if they were found constitutional; no law can apply retroactively.

L.D.F.'s Himmelstein argues that fighting to restore capital punishment, though a politically easy response, is not likely to succeed and so is not a realistic allocation of crime-fighting resources. "What we're hoping," he says, "is that people will realize that trying to find the loopholes is an enormous waste of time, energy and funds."

The Price of Justice

When 20-year-old Ina Stephanie Weiner took off from her home in Miami early last September and headed for Montreal in her mother's panel truck, she said she was going to take along a friend and drop him off in New Jersey. A week later, in the farm lands of Somerset County, Md., Ina's badly beaten and decomposed body was found stuffed into her sleeping bag. Police charged that her New Jersey-bound friend, Henry King, 23, of Chesapeake, Va., had killed her, then stolen the truck and her belongings. King was eventually caught in Indiana.

It was a chilling case of casual violence, but peaceful Somerset County had an extra reason for dismay. Although the deadly encounter was between two out-of-state transients, Somerset County's 9,000 taxpayers would have to bear the cost of the trial.

Murder trials do not come cheap, and because witnesses would have to be brought from Florida, New Jersey and Indiana, estimates ran as high as \$25,000. That is more than one-third of the entire amount that Somerset County spends on its sheriff's and prosecutor's offices in a normal year. Some officials claimed that the county simply



SUSPECT KING AFTER ARREST
Is he worth \$25,000?

could not afford the trial, but they failed in all efforts to get special funds from the state. Nonetheless, the county prosecutor, Robert Horsey, 39, vowed: "We will prosecute this case properly whether we have the money or not. The county will pay whether it can afford it or not. The law is the law. We will do everything necessary for the case, and we will present the bill to the county."

In the midst of this contretemps, Prisoner King mysteriously acquired a hacksaw blade, sawed through a barred window of the county jail and escaped.

"Fifty people already have said to me that this will save the county the cost of trying him," Prosecutor Horsey observed, "but that was just a jesting comment. We are still planning on trying him when we get hold of him again."

In less than 24 hours King was recaptured at his mother's house in Chesapeake, which means Somerset County still confronts the expense of a trial, plus the small added cost of extraditing the prisoner from Virginia.

Decisions

► Child beating, one of the ugliest crimes, is difficult to prove, difficult to prosecute. In many states doctors are legally required to report suspected abuses, but they rarely do. A recent case in California may change this situation.

In April 1970 five-month-old Thomas Robison of Arroyo Grande was admitted to Sierra Vista Hospital in nearby San Luis Obispo, where X rays showed that his skull was fractured from ear to ear. The boy's 17-year-old mother, who was living with an AWOL soldier, said he had fallen off a bed, and the child was returned to the mother three days later. Twice within the next month he required further hospital treatment for injuries that included

whip welts on the back, puncture wounds in the neck, and burned fingertips; the last time he had strangulation marks and was not breathing. Before respiration was restored, he suffered so much brain damage that he had to be confined to a home for the mentally retarded. Now three, he has an IQ of 24 and may never weigh more than 35 lbs. The mother's boy friend was convicted of child beating and sentenced to from one to ten years in prison (the mother herself was not charged with anything). Meanwhile, the child's father brought a \$5,000,000 suit against four doctors, for failing to report the attacks, and against the city and police chief of Arroyo Grande, for failing to investigate adequately when another doctor did make charges. In a settlement said to be the first of this kind, the doctors and police agreed to pay \$600,000 into a trust fund set up for the boy so that no one else can get at the money.

► When Republican John Lewis replaced a Democrat as secretary of state in Illinois in 1970, he fired 1,946 employees, later charging he had acted "because of the laxity, inefficiency and confusion prevailing in the office." They were duly replaced by good Republicans. The dismissed employees, who were not protected by civil service regulations or union contracts, brought a class action alleging that their constitutional right to freedom of political belief was improperly costing them their jobs. Courts have for the most part left the spoils system alone, but the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals reversed a summary dismissal of the suit by the trial judge and ordered that the case be heard. It was impermissible, said the court, to discharge "a nonpoliticizing employee solely because of his political allegiance." The court conceded that its ruling might mean increased litigation, which could compromise "the state's interest in the efficient administration of its affairs," but the 2-to-1 majority felt that "the Supreme Court has repeatedly decided that the value of individual liberties is well worth the cost."

► Winston Moseley is serving a life sentence for the killing of Kitty Genovese, the New York girl whose death in 1964 became celebrated because her screams for help were ignored by at least 38 neighbors. In 1968, while out of prison briefly for minor surgery in a Buffalo hospital, Moseley escaped from his guards and hid in a vacant house. Neighbors telephoned Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Kulaga, relatives of the owner, who came to investigate. Moseley captured the couple at gunpoint, raped Mrs. Kulaga and beat up her husband. Moseley was subsequently recaptured. The Kulagas sued—not Moseley, who hardly has assets to pay damages—but the state. Moseley's escape, they charged, was the result of negligence. A lower court was unimpressed, but the New York State Court of Appeals agreed: the state must now pay the Kulagas \$60,000.



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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



MILESTONES

Married. James Taylor, 24, minstrel of rock music who helped lead devotees of the high-decibel '60s toward gentler sounds in the '70s (*Sweet Baby James, Fire and Rain, Mud Slide Slim*); and Carly Simon, 27, leggy singer of the slick-folk, gutsy-ballad school (*That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be, Anticipation*) and offspring of the publishing Simon (& Schuster); both for the first time; in Manhattan

Died. Lieut. Colonel Aryeh Tuvia, 58, scrappy international soldier of fortune who became a hero of the Israeli army; in a parachuting accident; in Zaire, Africa. Born in Austria and commissioned an officer in that country's army, Tuvia joined the French Foreign Legion before he was 21. He entered Palestine in 1938, joined the British army there and fought in North Africa during World War II. After returning to Palestine, Tuvia joined the Israelis during their war for independence and later, during the 1956 Sinai conflict, fought behind Egyptian lines. In 1963, he went to Nepal as an Israeli military adviser and was serving in the same capacity in Zaire at the time of his death

Died. Edward V. Long, 64, drawing, country-suited Democratic Senator from Missouri (1960-68), friend of Teamster Chief Jimmy Hoffa and crusader against Government wiretapping; after a heart attack; in Brookhill, Mo. Long was Missouri's Lieutenant Governor when he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Thomas Hennings. After a few quiet years in Washington, Long emerged as an energetic opponent of Government bugging, a passion he shared with Hoffa, who claimed that he had been framed by the Justice Department. In 1966 Long marshaled support for the Freedom of Information Act, giving private citizens access to their Government records. The next year LIFE accused Long of making unethical use of his office in behalf of Hoffa, then in prison. After the exposé, Long lost the 1968 senatorial primary by less than 20,000 votes to Missouri's 38-year-old Lieutenant Governor, Thomas Eagleton

Died. Reginald Owen, 85, veteran character actor who played stuffy English aristocrats in scores of films and stage plays; after a series of strokes; in Boise, Idaho. The son of an English brickmaker, Owen came to the U.S. in the mid-1920s, and by 1929 had starred in his first Hollywood movie. In addition to his usual roles as upper-crusty Englishmen, he appeared as Sherlock Holmes in *A Study in Scarlet* (1933), a film for which he did his own screenplay; as Ebenezer Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol* (1938); and as the scheming politician in *Affairs of State* (1950).



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REMINGTON'S "COMING THROUGH THE RYE" (1902)

Up America

In 1951, a collector bought a painting for \$2,700. He kept it for some 15 years and then sold it to Dr. Irving F. Burton, a Detroit pediatrician, for approximately \$37,000. Five years later Dr. Burton sent it to Sotheby Parke Bernet, where it was auctioned with the rest of his collection last month. It was knocked down for \$250,000. Thus far the script looks banal—"Impressionism for Fun and Profit." But the painting was not by an Impressionist, nor even by a European. It was *Steelworkers—Noontime*, by Thomas Anshutz, and its price established an auction record for any picture by an American artist, living or dead. Eccentric as this one sale was, it reflects a massive price movement in Americana that has become the most interesting event in American art dealing. Americans have discovered in their own artistic ancestry a quality of observation less sophisticated but as socially informative as that of their European counterparts. Anshutz, for instance, was one of the first artists, American or European, who perceived that steelworkers at their lunch might be interesting.

The obscurity of Thomas Pollock Anshutz (1851-1912) does not, even now, seem a great injustice of art history. He lived in Philadelphia and was Thomas Eakins' teaching assistant. Though a number of his students developed into remarkable painters (Marin and Sloan among them), Anshutz did not, and *Steelworkers—Noontime* (1880-82) is the one painting by which he is known: a solidly composed, tight, rather dry performance, closely observed, small in scale (17 in. by 24 in.). It is a terse comment on the nature of work, and, by implication, on the artist's role as a worker. Fifty of his contemporaries in France, England or Germany had the skill to

paint it, but undoubtedly would not have chosen such a subject—their tastes ran to peasants, beach scenes, and high society.

The Anshutz was not the only record. A cast of Frederic Remington's bronze *Coming Through the Rye*—a typical example of the vulgar, illustrative fist that Remington, artist laureate to the Wild West, brought to everything he touched—became the most expensive American sculpture in history, at \$125,000. The previous record for an American watercolor (\$36,000 for an Edward Hopper in 1970) was broken three times—by another Hopper, *Light at Two Lights*, at \$50,000; a Winslow Homer, *Adirondack Catch*, at \$37,500; and Charles Burchfield's *Black Iron*, which brought \$65,000. That same week, another and very fine Homer—*Gallows Island (Iternuday)*—also went for \$65,000. And the price of every sort of "Americana"—that tract of once largely ignored painting, sculpture and craft that stretches from colonial America to the 20th century—is inexorably spiraling: it affects every type of object from embroidered samplers to John Singleton Copleys, from decoy ducks and Windsor chairs to Hudson River School landscapes, and especially for fine antique furniture (a Goddard-Townsend knee-hole desk that fetched \$12,000 in 1957 recently sold for \$120,000). The scramble for Americana is on. But only in America; there are no transatlantic clients.

This was perhaps inevitable. The Impressionist market has narrowed be-

cause so little is available. The boom years of postwar American abstraction (let alone Pop art and its variants) are over, except for a dozen or so artists. It took the Abstract Expressionists to convince American buyers that American painting could be of value.

But the act of faith in modernism as a principle was hard; moreover, it seemed to involve a general rejection of what had been painted here before. Despite its accumulated prestige, modern painting is a thin skin tightly stretched, and the Americana market is evidence that somewhere out there, the desire for local certitude and for one's own history remains: The Remington on the wall suggests to its owner that the old dream-time West is not dead; the gilt American eagle above the mantelpiece squawks its political message of reassurance; the portrait of George Washington is a canvas hatchway back to the spirit of the Constitution, and the epic paradises of the Hudson River painters evoke, for a span of generations, a lost world of clear water and unfelled trees.

For years the art of middle-aged America has been denied its due historical attention. There are, for instance, very few courses in American art history taught at universities. Connoisseurship lags far behind the market. One can only hope that the dealers do not promote the art beyond its credibility, so that the rediscovery degenerates into a chauvinistic scramble. Nineteenth century America produced some exceptional paintings (by Eakins, Harnett, Eastman Johnson, Inness, Bingham, Church and Homer, among others) and many good ones. Since the established European masters have been largely bought up, the avid new collectors are all too likely to confuse quality with the mere fact that it is American.

■ Robert Hughes



CHARLES BURCHFIELD'S "BLACK IRON" (1935)
A sense of history and a new pride.



THOMAS ANSHUTZ: "STEELWORKERS—NOONTIME," c. 1880-1882

WINSLOW HOMER: "GALLOWS ISLAND (BERMUDA)," c. 1899-1901



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INFLATION

The Phase I Chill in Britain

BRAITN'S Prime Minister Edward Heath this week took a page from the textbook of Nixonomics. Faced with one of the worst inflation rates in Europe, and with a fall in the value of the pound to an alltime low, Heath ordered a 90-day freeze on wages, prices, rents and dividends. That, he said, was only the "first stage" of a new anti-inflation policy. After 90 days for possibly 150, since the freeze can be extended for 60 days, Britain will begin a "second stage" comparable to the U.S. Phase II. For that period, Heath will seek legislation aimed at keeping increases within certain annual limits, probably

Heath's policy runs a risk of provoking waves of protest strikes. British unionists already have been stalking off their jobs in the greatest numbers since the General Strike of 1926: working days lost in this year's first nine months topped 22 million, v. 12 million in the equivalent period last year. The combination of strikes—which have curbed exports—and inflation have made the pound once again the sickest of the major world currencies. Last June, Britain let the pound float, that is, allowed market forces to determine its price. Lately it has been not so much floating as sinking. Early this month it hit a low of

ened to \$2.36. The British also have now taken the European lead in fighting inflation. Before the British freeze, Common Market finance ministers had met in order to cobble together an anti-inflationary package for Europe, but agreed chiefly to restrain budgetary and credit increases in their own countries, to cut some farm tariffs temporarily and to encourage more competition among businesses.

Heath's freeze sets an example for tougher action, and Americans will be watching it closely. If the British cannot cure their inflation, the pound most likely will continue to decline. If it falls too low other nations, particularly Italy, might make competitive devaluations. A string of devaluations would undo much of the advantage that U.S. foreign traders gained from last December's currency realignments.



"But señor, a pound? Aven't you got a pfennig, a rouble, a drachma...?"

8% for wages and 5% for overall prices. That those high figures would represent a lessening of inflation shows how dizzying the wage-price spiral is in Britain.

As it was for Nixon 15 months ago, the new strategy is a dramatic about-face for Conservative Heath. Like the U.S. President, the British Prime Minister is a philosophic believer in free markets, and he had struggled to persuade Britain's Trades Union Congress and the Confederation of British Industry to agree to voluntary wage-price restraints. The attempt failed spectacularly last week when the T.U.C., under pressure from union hard-liners, refused Heath then felt obliged to legally limit wages and prices. Britain's unions, struggling to keep their members' pay ahead of price boosts, have pushed hourly wages 17% above last year's levels. Without some program of restraint, inflation was expected to hit a 14% rate next year, a pace approaching the unenviable Latin American standards.

\$2.32, way down from the \$2.61 parity fixed last December.

Not entirely bad for Britain, the pound's fall has helped to compensate for the rise in British export prices in the past year. But, as speculators rushed out of the pound and into stronger currencies, the pound's weakness threatened to unsettle the whole network of currency-exchange rates that was stitched together in last December's Smithsonian Agreement. For the sake of stability, Britain's Common Market partners-to-be last month urged Heath to make a modest formal devaluation quickly. Rumors circulated that Heath had agreed, but only on condition that the pound be pegged as low as \$2.25. That sharp cut reportedly horrified other European leaders, notably French President Georges Pompidou, who argued that it would make British goods unfairly cheap in world markets.

Heath has stabilized this situation for the moment: on the news of the wage-price freeze, the pound strength-

INTEREST RATES

Pressing Down the Prime

Despite only moderately strong corporate borrowing, U.S. bankers have been steadily edging up their prime rates on loans to businessmen. Higher rates could eventually lead to costlier consumer loans and mortgages, add to inflation and slow the economy by making businessmen more reluctant to borrow. Now members of the Administration's Committee on Interest and Dividends, headed by Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, are warning influential bankers in New York City and elsewhere to hold down their prime rate. The message, in some cases delivered by Burns himself: lifting rates now is unnecessary and a little greedy.

Bankers see in this jawboning a threat that the Administration might place controls on rates. The committee itself has given no public hint of what kind of line it might pursue, though the Federal Reserve has the power to restrain certain rates. This week New York's First National City Bank and Pittsburgh's Mellon National Bank & Trust lowered their prime rates from 5½ to 5¼. In addition, New York's Bankers Trust gave up the practice of automatically keeping its prime loan rate slightly above such key money market rates as those for commercial paper and certificates of deposit; other banks may well follow its lead. This will remove some immediate upward pressure on the prime rate, but a greater problem lies ahead. To finance the nation's huge budget deficit, the Treasury will borrow about \$9 billion in the next two or three months. Burns has made clear that the Federal Reserve will not grind out money to accommodate a jump in borrowing demand. Thus some interest rates are certain to rise—after the election.

AUTOS

The Mouse That Varoomed

AVIS may have to work harder to get ahead, but American Motors practically has to work miracles. As No. 4 in an industry almost totally controlled by Detroit's Big Three, AMC must fight just to stay alive, and in recent years many auto men doubted that the company could make it. Lately, though, Motown's mouse has begun to varoom. Sales of AMC's 1972 autos hit an eight-year high of 303,000 units, up 20% from the previous year; October sales of the '73s were 10% ahead of the same period last year. Next week the company will report a profit of between \$25 million and \$30 million for the fiscal year that ended in September, also an eight-year high.* When the good-news numbers became known this fall, says AMC Marketing Vice President R. Wil-

3.4%, largely because of the popularity of its smaller cars. Moreover, vows AMC Chairman Roy D. Chapin Jr., 57, the Yale-educated auto man who has been the company's front-seat driver for five years, "We're not satisfied with that." As if to underscore his determination, AMC this week announced that it will reopen fairly soon a plant in Kenosha, Wis., that has been shut down for nearly two years. It will produce about 200 cars per day.

Profitable Jeeps. Chapin and a small group of aides have almost totally reshaped AMC. They sold its financing and Kelvinator subsidiaries, neither of which showed promise of earning enough to justify the amount of capital tied up in it. Then Chapin bought the famous Jeep line from Kai-

sweepstakes. Instead of designing a whole new subcompact, as GM did with its Vega and Ford with the Pinto, American Motors spent a remarkably low \$5,000,000 and simply cut down the Hornet. As a result, the company produces the only subcompact with a six-cylinder engine (the others have four cylinders). Its latest gimmick is to offer optional denim upholstery by Levi Strauss. Together, the Hornet and Gremlin ring up two-thirds of American Motors' car sales.

Another Chapin innovation was the "Buyer Protection Plan," which gives AMC owners a warranty covering every car part except tires. The company will fix any faulty part for free during the first year, and on '73 models offers a second year's coverage for \$150. Both GM and Ford emulate that plan on their '73 cars, though neither offers protection that goes so far as AMC's. The AMC warranty won the praise of industry watchers as divergent as Presidential Consumer Adviser Virginia Knauer and Mac Gordon, outspoken editor of the dealer newsletter *Motor News Analysis*. Since AMC pays a much bigger part of new-car repair bills than before, the plan also helped solve the problem of dealer desertions, which at one point were running at a rate of several dozen per year.

For all its new success, AMC remains something of a protected ward in the auto industry. Leaders of other companies regard it as a shield, however small, against Government anti-trust action. Critics of the auto industry, who are eager to promote such action, charge that the big companies give AMC little competition for its lucrative contracts for Government vehicles (postal and military Jeeps, military trucks). AMC has been allowed on a temporary basis by the Justice Department to consult with GM on anti-pollution research as a means of saving money. Is the company merely having a couple of good years, or has it really turned the corner? "It's a long corner," answers Chapin, "but I think we've learned to move quickly and have developed a high survival factor."

RETAILING

Plying While Playing

For Houston Department Store Merchant Robert Sakowitz and his wife Pamela, life is as colorful and regulated as the seasons. Each winter they ski at St. Moritz; every spring they go to the Paris fashion shows; and in the summer they are house guests of the Aga Khan at his Riviera pad. They often jet to Manhattan, check into their Park Avenue apartment, visit Pamela's sister and brother-in-law Peter Duchin, and

CHAPIN & AMC PRESIDENT WILLIAM LUNEBURG WITH HORNET & GREMLIN IN DETROIT
The first champagne toast to good-news numbers in 20 years.

liam McNeely Jr., "We poured champagne in the central office for the first time in about 20 years."

True, many of AMC's bubbles were rising on the happy fortunes of the auto industry in general. Thanks to the Nixon Administration's cancellation of the auto excise tax, the prices of '73 model U.S. cars are only slightly above what they were for '71 units. Total car sales this calendar year are expected to reach 10.8 million (including imports), up a bit from last year's very healthy showing. But American Motors is doing more than merely riding a high tide. In the '72 model year, AMC's share of the market inched ahead from 3.2% to

*By comparison, the company earned only \$10.2 million last year and lost \$56.2 million in 1970.

ser Industries for \$70 million. Jeep had been a money loser for Kaiser, but AMC made it profitable, steering it into the recreational-vehicle market, which Chapin figures has doubled in the past three years. New versions of the original four-wheel drive machine soon began appearing as pickups, campers and station wagons. Jeeps now account for 20% of AMC's \$1.4 billion annual sales.

Chapin's corporate philosophy is that "there is always a place for someone who can do things a little bit differently." In developing AMC's compact Hornet in 1969, being a little different meant designing a car that would also serve as the basis for the company's entry in the subcompact



SAKOWITZ & WIFE CYCLING IN HOUSTON
Living high in the saddle.

dine with such friends as Designer Bill Blass, Metropolitan Museum Director Thomas Hoving and Revlon Chairman Charles Revson. At home Bob Sakowitz lives high in the saddle. He entertains the prime of Houston society at his colonial-style estate, wheels around in a \$18,000 Lamborghini and is perennially listed among the nation's ten best-dressed men. Having such a life-style naturally tags Sakowitz an international playboy, but he argues that "nine-tenths of my trips and my socializing are work-connected."

Indeed they are. Sakowitz, at 34, is the merchandising chief and driving force of the seven-link department-store chain in Texas that bears his family's name. By personally scouting just what fads and new fashions appeal to the style pacesetters, he has been first with many fashions. Sakowitz Inc. introduced Courrèges minidresses and boots in the U.S., was very early with Pucci men's wear and was the first store outside New York City to open an Yves Saint Laurent boutique. As an innovator, Bob Sakowitz contends: "Too many retailers just take what is available and then use the Macy's-testing theory: sample and reorder. But today a retailer really should do more. He has to take a position on style and fashion, believe in it and explain it to the consumer." Sakowitz's position now is that the big seller in women's clothes for next spring will be "soft sherbet colors, milky colors—like elegant apricot, lime, melon and strawberry."

Sakowitz has also attracted shoppers by staging European-angled promotions every autumn. Last month, as part of an Italian Renaissance promo, he decorated the main downtown Houston store with \$3,000,000 worth of borrowed Renaissance paintings and tapestries. (Once inside the store, shoppers bought plenty of Italian and French dresses that were specially designed for

the promotion, as well as bed linens with prints of Leonardo's inventions and Italian silk ties with the insignia of the House of Borgia.) This week, in Sakowitz's annual wine auction, the store will sell off rare vintages, including one of the eight remaining jeroboams of Château Mouton-Rothschild 1929. All this activity has been more than culturally rewarding. In the past ten years, sales of Sakowitz Inc. have risen 150%, to some \$60 million, and net profits—which are a family secret—have exceeded the 25% margin that is common for retail chains.

Sakowitz men have been selling in Texas since 1900, when Robert's grandfather and great uncle opened a clothing store for seamen in Galveston. Robert's father Bernard, now 65, is president of the company, but he has been giving more and more authority to Robert, the executive vice president. After graduating *cum laude* from Harvard and working at Macy's in Manhattan and Galeries Lafayette in Paris, Robert started minding the family store in 1962. At his urging, the business has expanded fast, while remaining one of the few large family retailers that have not sold out to a bigger national chain. Sakowitz Inc. bought the two White & Kirk stores in Amarillo three years ago; it will soon open a store in Scottsdale, Ariz., and is building a \$4,000,000 store that will start business next year in downtown Dallas.

The Dallas branch will bring Sakowitz into closer competition with Neiman-Marcus, which is based in Dallas but owned by California's Broadway-Hale group. The two Texas retailers have been slugging it out in Houston since 1970, when Neiman-Marcus opened a big store right across from a Sakowitz outlet in suburban Post Oak. The stores sell generally the same kind of goods, the main difference being that

some prices are higher at Neiman-Marcus, inspiring customers to dub it "Needless Markup." Most Houstonians remain loyal to the home-town retailers. At Post Oak, the one point where the two compete, Sakowitz's sales are about 25% higher than those of Neiman-Marcus.

INDUSTRY

Salad Days in Garbage

Garbage collection is hardly an enterprise that conjures up images of manicured executives, complex mergers and multimillion-dollar revenues. Yet it is one of the fastest-growing industries in the U.S. One reason for the rise is simply more garbage—the result of an expanding and increasingly affluent population. Further, as environmental concerns multiply and sanitation laws become tougher, there is greater demand for companies that offer modern processing, disposal and recycling techniques.

More and more city officials are discovering that it can cost some 15% less to hire a private garbage contractor than to run their own frequently featherbedded sanitation system. The city of Middletown, Ohio, for example, recently signed a three-year, \$1,000,000 contract with a private collection firm that will save the city an estimated \$350,000. This week, for the first time in its history, Chicago will have a private firm process some of its refuse. Waste Management, Inc., will compact and dump into its own landfill up to 1,000 tons of garbage a day. Other cities that have turned over all or part of their garbage business to private hands include Boston, Omaha, Detroit, Dallas and Charleston, S.C. Indeed, only bureaucratic lethargy and union opposition



PROCESSED REFUSE BEING MOVED BY CONVEYOR BELT TO LANDFILL IN POMPAÑO BEACH
The rusted-out dump trucks are merging with giants.

prevent more cities from contracting with private companies. When Milwaukee, for instance, closed its antiquated city incinerators and hired an independent company to handle waste disposal, it incurred union wrath because 260 municipal sanitation workers were laid off.

To handle the big loads, the new waste companies must be markedly different from the old, small-time collectors, with their rusted-out dump trucks trundling loads of melon rinds and empty bottles to their final rest in the city dump. The modern companies process refuse by shredding, compacting or baling it before hauling it to landfills, which cost \$4,000 to \$10,000 an acre. The companies operate fleets of \$25,000 tractors, \$35,000 trucks and \$80,000 bulldozers. Unable to afford these capital outlays, many of the nation's 10,000 small collection companies are merging with the giants. Of the five U.S. companies that made the most merges in the first half of this year, three are garbage enterprises. They are:

- **Browning-Ferris Industries, Inc.** The largest of the chains, this Houston-based company was started only three years ago and has already acquired 60 firms, including 35 this year. B.F.I.'s 33-year-old chairman, Louis Waters, a Harvard Business School graduate, says that his aim is to have branches in every major city in the nation. B.F.I. collects from 55,000 companies and more than 500,000 residences, and its revenues in this year's first three quarters were \$115 million.

- **Waste Management, Inc.** Headquartered in Oak Brook, Ill., W.M.I. this year acquired 50 companies in 16 states and Canada, making it the fastest-growing garbage concern in the country. Its revenues reached \$51 million in 1972's first nine months. In Pompano Beach, Fla., the company operates an advanced processing plant in which garbage is ground into odor-free shreds and sent by conveyor belt to a nearby landfill.

- **S.C.A. Services, Inc.** A Boston-based firm, S.C.A. has acquired 27 companies this year. Founded in 1969, S.C.A. operates 51 refuse firms in 20 states. So far this year, S.C.A. has collected \$65 million in revenues, of which \$35 million came from garbage and the rest from building maintenance and other services.

The new garbage men face more good years ahead, as a result of the 7% annual increase in the volume of U.S. solid waste (which now totals 360 million tons a year), as well as the expected increase in liquid waste from industrial expansion. But while entrepreneurs are finding gold in garbage, building owners often find the wages of waste disposal high. Louis Sudler Jr., who manages Chicago's 100-story John Hancock Building and other skyscrapers, stopped all incineration last year because "it was bad for the environment." Since then, his disposal costs have increased eightfold.



VISITING POLES STOCKING UP ON GLOVES IN PRAGUE

EASTERN EUROPE

The Salamizdat

The long and the short of Eastern Europe's controlled economies is that some goods are always in surplus while others are maddeningly scarce. Thus the East Germans are plentifully swaddled in certain material but sadly lacking in fresh fruit. The Czechs boast a superfluity of fruit but their coffee and vodka are prohibitively expensive. The Soviets are awash in coffee and vodka but desperately desire well-fashioned clothes and shoes. Nearly everyone in Eastern Europe hungers for Hungarian salamis, and Hungary is piled high with them; yet many a Magyar bosom droops despairingly for want of an uplifting bra.

Left to Communist planners, the imbalances could remain uncorrected for years. But the fraternal masses themselves have found a socially unsocialist solution that smacks of bourgeois free enterprise. Many Eastern nations now permit relatively free travel across each other's borders, and normal exchange of comradely greetings between Czechs and Hungarians, or Poles and East Germans, is increasingly accompanied by a comradely exchange of goods. As many as 35 million Eastern Europeans use their vacation trips to neighboring countries to buy, sell and barter consumer products. In the process they have created a flourishing underground consumer market—a kind of *salamizdat*, to rival Russia's clandestine literary *samizdat*.

Many Czechs, for example, seldom take a holiday elsewhere in Eastern Europe without first stocking up on home-produced articles: textiles, sunglasses and playing cards for Rumania; shirts, shoes, socks and blue jeans for the So-

viet Union; fruits for East Germany; bras, corsets and panty hose for Hungary; shoes, textiles and auto parts for Bulgaria. The enterprising Czech visitor either sells the articles for local currency or barter them for liquor in Rumania, coffee, vodka, car parts and a portable color-TV set in the Soviet Union, salami in Hungary, and curtain material in East Germany—all of which he either keeps or resells back home in Prague for three to five times his original investment.

Likewise, Poles visiting Bulgaria dispose of Polish raincoats, watches and small manufactured items; while there, they stock up on sheepskin coats and rose-petal oil, which move fast on the streets back in Warsaw or Lodz. East Europeans who visit the Soviet Union commonly report, as does one Pole: "The Russians are literally willing to buy the shirt off your back." Poles, Czechs and East Germans return freighted with Russian cameras and fur cups for the local market. Vacationing Hungarians find that their most reliable moneymaker is their salami.

Technically, most such trade is illegal for citizens of the socialist East. But since interbloc travel restrictions have been eased in recent years, customs officials are becoming more tolerant of small-time smuggling. "When the East Germans couldn't get visas to Czechoslovakia, the German border guards would shake a Czech down to his socks," says a Prague businessman. "But once they opened the border for the East Germans, the guards relaxed. They figured their own people were getting goods, so they let us get things we wanted." Shortly after the East German-Polish border was opened last Jan. 1, officials in Warsaw were complaining that Germans had bought up all the re-

"Together, we can save 5,000 Americans from the drunk driver every year."

A report from Secretary of Transportation, John A. Volpe, on the effectiveness of Alcohol Safety Action Projects.

"The statistics are shocking.

Last year, 27,000 drivers, passengers and pedestrians were killed in alcohol-related traffic accidents. One out of every fifty drivers on the roads you travel is dangerously drunk. And every 20 minutes, someone is killed in a drink-driving accident.

But, the U. S. Department of Transportation is doing something to reduce that deplorable number of fatalities. Beginning in January of 1971, we put eight federally-funded Alcohol Safety Action Projects (ASAP) to work in areas of eight different states around the country. Each with an innovative plan designed and carried out by local communities with a single purpose in mind. To curb the drunk driver and save lives.

Now the results are available on their first full year of operation, and I'm happy to report that ASAP is really working. In those areas of the eight states covered by ASAP projects, traffic fatalities were reduced 8.6 per cent. In the remaining areas of those same states where there were no ASAP projects at work—fatalities increased 1.5 per cent.

While these figures are preliminary, we can estimate that if this level of effectiveness holds up, and if all fifty states initiated statewide ASAP projects, we should save as many as 5,000 Americans from the drunk driver every year.

The ASAP effort is receiving top-priority, bi-partisan support in Congress. Each project is initiated and carried out by concerned local communities with the help of federal funds. The first eight pioneer projects were conceived by state governments, municipal authorities, local



law enforcement agencies and aware citizens groups.

They proposed the creative alcohol countermeasure programs they thought would prove effective in their areas and presented them to the Transportation Department. We approved and financed them as quickly as possible—with a minimum of red tape.

The law enforcement countermeasures initiated under these ASAP's led to an increase of 72% in alcohol-related traffic arrests. Other ASAP countermeasures helped gear up judicial operations to help the courts handle the drinking driver more efficiently. Pre-sentence investigations were carried out to identify problem

drinkers and assign them to rehabilitation programs to lessen the chance of their becoming repeat offenders.

Some introduced the use of videotape film of drunk drivers at the time of arrest as evidence in court. Others concentrated on public education programs to help deter the drinking driver.

The trend is encouraging. During 1971, 26 more ASAP projects were funded and put to work. But, there's still a long, long way to go. It is our hope that the success of our pioneer ASAP projects will have a powerful catalytic effect—and stimulate determined community action until there are programs like them throughout the country. Only then can we begin to bring the drunk driver under control.

For complete information on what you can do—and how we can help, write the U.S. Department of Transportation, National Highway Safety Administration, Washington, D.C. 20590."

ASAP is showing us how to curb the drunk driver.

State Farm Insurance fully supports the U. S. Department of Transportation's Alcohol Safety Action Projects. We have provided this space in the hope that Secretary Volpe's message will stimulate more states and local communities to initiate more alcohol countermeasure programs—and save more Americans from the drunk driver.

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frigerators in the Polish border town of Zgorzelec. Today, squadrons of East Germans charge across the Polish border in their Wartburgs to tank up on relatively cheap Polish gasoline. A Czech says of his winter skiing trips to the Tatra mountains: "It is not coincidental that we chose the Tatras, which are on the border between Czechoslovakia and Poland. Nor is it an accident that the packs on our backs, which our wives made, were larger than you can buy in any store. Czech furs take up a lot of room. We also carry nylon and small antiques. Those crazy Poles in Zakopane! They almost tore open our packs to trade with us."

WALL STREET

What Price Profits?

Ultimately, what an investor pays for when he pays stock is a share of the profits that a company makes. But how much must he pay for the right to claim a dollar of the firm's earnings as his own? One answer lies in the price/earnings ratio, which is computed by dividing the closing price of a company's stock by its net income per share for the most recent twelve months. If a company earns \$2 per share, and its stock sells for \$34, its price/earnings ratio is 17. P/E ratios can be figured out by anyone with a pencil, a stack of paper and access to stock-price quotations and quarterly earnings reports—but there is no longer any need to bother. The Associated Press has begun including P/E ratios for every common stock* on the New York and American exchanges in the daily market tables that it sends out. So far, 15 major papers, including the *Wall Street Journal*, *New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times* and *Washington Post*, carry the figures.

A glance down the columns discloses that the P/E ratios of shares on the New York Stock Exchange reach from a lowly 2 for Horizon Corp., a land developer, to an astronomical 725 for White Motor Corp., the heavy-duty-truck manufacturer. How can an investor make sense out of these seemingly incongruous figures? One key is to realize that a P/E ratio reflects, even more than current earnings, the market's anticipation of future profits.

Stocks of companies with long records of rapid profit growth sell at relatively high ratios, for example, 35 for IBM and 50 for Xerox. P/E ratios are high in such glamorous industries as photography, cosmetics and soft drinks. Conversely, shares of companies in cyclical industries—in which profits fluctuate widely—usually sell at a low multiple because buyers must put up with considerable uncertainty about the future. In the auto industry, Ford sells at

*Or at least for the stock of every company making a profit in the past year. No P/E ratio is computed for companies that are losing money.

a humble nine times earnings, and even mighty GM commands a P/E of only 11. Other industries in which ratios are low include steel and textiles.

Factors other than earnings can also affect the price of a stock and wildly distort P/E ratios. Aerovox Corp. earned a grand total of less than 30¢ per share in the last four quarters, but its stock still sells at about 131 per share, giving it a P/E of 50, because it is in a growth industry—electric and electronic components. Though Superior Oil earned only \$1.06 a share in 1971, it sells at a ratio of 251, largely because the market places a high value on its enormous reserves of oil in the U.S. and Canada. Only investigation can determine whether any stock's P/E ratio is too high or too low, but a perusal of those ratios can at least tip an investor which



issues may be worth a close look, and give him some rough guides as to what to expect. A stock selling at 100 times earnings is far more vulnerable to a drop than one with a P/E of 12.

Investors searching for hints about the market's future also rely on a P/E statistic: the composite ratio of the 30 blue-chip stocks in the Dow Jones industrial average. Since the 1930s this figure has gone below 10 only during severe bear markets, and above 20 only in overexuberant bull markets. Its post-Depression peak was 24.2 in September 1961, shortly before a disastrous market break. It declined from 18 or 19 for several years in the early and mid-1960s to 15.7 a year ago and has increased only to 16.7 now. This is on the low side for a period of strong economic expansion like the present, suggesting that there is ample room for stock prices to go up.

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To the Rescue

Shivering men, shoulders hunched against the chill, standing in line at a rescue-mission door. Rag-wrapped drunks, unsteady on their feet, sitting down to hot soup and a sandwich. Evening prayer services with one basic message: Jesus saves. The picture hardly seems to belong in an affluent society where Jesus has moved up to Broadway and popular myth has people growing fat on the largesse of the welfare state. But it is a contemporary reality—as some 450 rescue missions across North America, to say nothing of another 100 or so abroad, can testify.

With alcohol still the No. 1 drug problem and welfare agencies closing their doors before supper, the rescue mission is very much alive. Last year alone, twelve new missions joined the International Union of Gospel Missions, the umbrella organization to which most of the independent operations belong. (The Salvation Army's network of missions is not counted among the independents.) Last month, rescue missions celebrated their centennial—the 100th birthday of a Manhattan gospel shelter known as the McAuley Water Street Mission.

Jerry McAuley was an Irish-born river thief who found religion while doing a stretch in Sing Sing, backslid into booze when he got out, reformed and finally became a full-time evangelist to the wharf rats who had been his pals. He opened his Water Street Mission in 1872 under the sign *THE PING HAND FOR MEN* in a neighborhood so rough that one hotel even had a tunnel to the river for the convenient dispatch of murder victims. Within a few years came other pioneers: Duluth's Bethel Society, Chicago's Pacific Garden Mission (where Billy Sunday was converted), and New York's famed Bowery Mission. By 1891

Los Angeles had its Union Rescue Mission, now the nation's largest.

Today the missions are a fiercely autonomous lot, each legislating its own rules. Some, like the Bowery, offer meals, clothing and prayer but no beds for transients (in cold weather, Bowery's homeless are allowed to sleep on its chapel pews). Some take in alcoholics but refuse drug addicts. A number now operate dormitories for women, but others still limit their mission to men.

Low Cost. At the McAuley Water Street Mission, which was forced by a housing project to move from Water Street to new quarters near by, men in need who want to come in for supper, bed and breakfast can do so as often as they like—provided they register each night and attend the prayer service. Men who want to stay longer must join a spiritual regimen that includes daily Bible study, complete abstinence from alcohol and no smoking on the premises. Results of such rehabilitation programs can be disappointing to the staffs, who are often rehabilitated men themselves. Jerry Dunn, president of the International Union of Gospel Missions, says that only 25% of the men who complete such courses remain "recovered." "The Lord never asked us to be successful," sighs Dunn. "But he did ask us to be faithful."

Materially, the rescue missions' output is prodigious. They served 14 million meals in North America last year, according to one estimate—usually without any public financial aid and often at a low cost that public institutions would envy. More to the point, says Connecticut Psychiatrist David Morley, a consultant to the McAuley mission, "the mission's love goes to a segment of humanity that we like to ignore." Founder McAuley would have been one of the ignored ones, says Morley. "In the medical understanding of today, he

would have been written off as an incurable psychopath. This kind of person is impossible to reach."

The most criticized aspect of rescue missions is the almost universally required attendance at worship services, a sort of sing-for-your-supper attitude. But mission directors insist that their spiritual work is far more important than the food and shelter they offer. "Christ spoke to 5,000 people all day before he fed them," says Jerry Dunn. "If a man is really hungry we will feed him, but we don't apologize for requiring attendance at worship. If we don't give them a foundation to build their lives on, we give them nothing."

According to many rescue missions, providing that foundation is going to become an overtime job in the next few years. General Manager Arthur Bestvater of Los Angeles' Union Rescue Mission reports a startling drop in the average age of derelicts—from the upper 50s a decade ago to the lower 30s today. Bestvater believes that missions have just begun to experience a wave of ruined minds and lives left over from the drug culture. He also notes a rising number of drifting young who often find themselves without a place to sleep. Far from being outdated, he says, the rescue mission of the '70s will be jammed to the doorbells.

More Than Jewish

It is one of the treasured stories of biblical cunning. In *Genesis*, the patriarch Jacob outsmarts his parsimonious uncle Laban while tending Laban's flocks. First he tells Laban to cull all spotted sheep and goats out of the flock for safekeeping, then offers to tend the "monochrome" remainder (white sheep, black goats), taking only spotted offspring as his pay. Laban quickly agrees. Jacob sets about having the animals couple in front of peeled branches. They produce large numbers of spotted offspring, and Jacob becomes rich.

A pious legend? Not necessarily, says Israeli Botanist Yehuda Feliks. Writing in a monumental new set of reference books called the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, Feliks identifies Jacob's secret as a keen perception of the laws of heredity. (The peeled branches were just window dressing.) Jacob apparently knew from a dream that the hybrids (white sheep and black goats) that carried recessive genes of "spottedness" matured sexually earlier than the pure monochromes in the flock. He mated the hybrids, and their recessive genes emerged to produce a maximum of spotted offspring in each generation. He set aside the pure monochromes, unbred as Laban's share.

Feliks' hypothesis, complete with genetic charts showing the results of the crossbreeding, is one of thousands of examples of the learned, the witty and the arcane that fill the *Encyclopedia Judaica*, published earlier this year by Israel's Keter Publishing House and just

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RELIGION

now going on sale (at \$500 a set through Macmillan) in the U.S. Sixteen volumes and 12,000 pages long, totaling more than 12 million words, it is the first major Jewish encyclopedia in any language in 65 years. The work was begun during the early 1930s in Germany but became one of the first casualties of Hitler's 1933 book burning. In 1966 it was started over from scratch in Israel, this time in English. Bankrolled mainly by loans from the Israeli government and the U.S. Agency for International Development, the \$5 million project utilized computer tapes and the brainpower of some 2,500 scholars to produce the encyclopedia in only 51 years.

Data of Misery. The result shows few signs of haste. Some entries are so exhaustive as to be exhausting; the section on Israel runs to nearly 500,000 words, the length of four good-sized novels. The articles on the Holocaust are numbing in their accumulation of the data of misery. One set of tables ticks off each of the 613 commandments listed by Maimonides, citing biblical references for each.

Disparities and omissions were perhaps inevitable. The treatment of the controversial Arab refugee question understandably highlights Israel's position but is not very successful in its attempt to present the other side. There is a half-page on Colorado (for its Jewish community) but no separate entry on Israel's neighbor, Saudi Arabia. The encyclopedia gamely notes Gambler Arnold Rothstein and Gangster Benjamin ("Bugs") Siegel with crisp, forthright entries, but there is no treatment of Jewish humor beyond Hebrew parody—because, say the editors, they could not find a suitable author.

Such flaws pale beside the quantity and quality of the material that is included. Historian Arthur Hertzberg's meticulous article on Jewish identity examines every mode of definition, historical, sociological and religious, carefully setting the Orthodox view against others. In practice, concludes Hertzberg, world Jewish concern extends to all who "suffer as Jews." David Flusser of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem has written a treatise on Jesus that Christians would do well to read. Gershon Scholem's 83-page article on the *kabbalah*—that broad stream of Jewish esoterica embracing both lofty mysticism and magical formulas—may well be the most lucid treatment of the complex subject available.

Perhaps the most notable difference between the *Encyclopedia Judaica* and earlier encyclopedias is its emphasis on Jewish art—a subject virtually ignored until the past half-century. The pages are interleaved with magnificent illuminations from medieval Jewish manuscripts and pictures of mosaics and frescoes from ancient synagogues. The section on art runs to 79 pages. That entry alone should convince many a prospective buyer that the *Encyclopedia Judaica* is not for Jews alone.

BOOKS

V.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: A BIOGRAPHY

by QUENTIN BELL

534 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.50.

Recently an editor carrying an early copy of this book was nudged in an elevator by a perplexed woman who asked, "Was there a real person called Virginia Woolf? I saw the play but not the movie."

So much for modernism, Bloomsbury, the avant-garde. The once experimental stream of consciousness that James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield pioneered has now been diverted. Still, Edward Albee had good reason to be afraid of Virginia Woolf. She was among the great innovative novelists; she had the enormous courage to trust her private imaginings and to interpret them even though those visions were sometimes insane. In the same sunburst year of 1922 when *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* appeared, she published her first major novel, *Jacob's Room*. It was hailed for the beauty of its imagery and the uniquely flexible prose that marked all her work.

Despite the fact that she is now less read than several of her mighty contemporaries, Virginia Woolf has always been the subject of conjecture, as well as a tantalizing apparition in countless memoirs. There were her recurring breakdowns and final suicide, theories about her sexual preferences, if any, and above all, tales of London's famous Bloomsbury group.

This excellent biography was written by Virginia Woolf's nephew. The first sentence—"Virginia Woolf was a Miss Stephen"—sets the stance: just a slight bow to a heavy heritage. More important than Bell's style is his detachment, a quality that he certainly did not inherit. The Stephen family was part of the intellectual wing of Britain's upper middle class; Virginia's father, Sir Leslie Stephen, was a famous essayist and man of letters. Altogether, they were an excitable clan, idealistic, moralistic, painfully interdependent, swept along by unrecognized currents of passionate attraction that stopped just short of incest.

In Virginia's case, the inchoate tangle of emotion began in the nursery. There were four older half siblings. One girl was totally deranged and eventually was institutionalized. A half brother, George Duckworth, was a handsome lout who began molesting Virginia when he was 19 and she was six. She had two full brothers, Thoby and Adrian, whose departure for the nation's best schools she bitterly resented, and one

sister, Vanessa, who was easily the person closest to her throughout her life.

Though everybody recognized early that Virginia was "a genius," the girls' education was random. Their parents taught them the subjects they knew, which meant that Virginia counted on her fingers for life. Clara Pater, Walter's sister, dropped by to dispense a little Greek. Eventually, however, Sir Leslie opened his vast library to his daughters and Virginia's pent-up intellect found release.

Virginia's first breakdown occurred after her mother's death when she was



VIRGINIA WOOLF AT 21
The rising wave.

13, her second after her father's death nine years later. Her grief was manic. She found the act of eating obscene. Worst of all, she heard "horrible voices," among them "King Edward VII lurking in the azaleas using the foulest possible language."

But there were many reprieves and new beginnings. Brother Thoby brought his Cambridge friends to visit—Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Desmond McCarthy. It was the nucleus of the notorious Bloomsbury group, but Virginia called them "a great trial; they sit silent, absolutely silent all the time. The worst of it is they have not the energy to go." Others agreed. "Deplorable, deplorable!" cried Family Friend Henry James. "How could Vanessa and Virginia have picked up such friends?"

Eventually the young men found

their voices. With one pungent sentence, the inscrutable Strachey could reduce a room to helpless laughter. Vanessa married Clive Bell. Virginia's writing career began with frequent contributions to the *Times Literary Supplement*. She also began flirting outrageously with her brother-in-law.

Throughout her life all kinds of people fell in love with Virginia—men, women, homosexuals, heterosexuals. She was a singularly lovely woman who attracted garlands of praise. Quentin Bell compares her to a portrait by a 14th century Sienese master, but adds playfully, "with no Correggiosciety." To Rebecca West she was "beautiful in a Leonardo way." (The incorrigible West adds, however, that Virginia's toilette was such that she sometimes looked "as if she had been dragged through a hedge backwards.")

Throughout her 20s, Virginia scarcely knew what to do with all her advantages. She was slowly and painfully writing fiction: her first novel,

The Voyage Out, did not appear until she was 33. She thought she was desperate for love, marriage and children—the things Vanessa acquired effortlessly. But in her soul there was a lonelier, more disquieting vision: "This vague & dream like world, without love, or heart, or passion, or sex, is the world I really care about." It is a statement of dedication both poignant and terrifying.

When at 30 she finally married Leonard Woolf, a left-wing editor, she learned conclusively that her world was without sex. At various times before and after her marriage, she formed attachments to women that were Sapphic, but probably not overtly lesbian. She thought a husband might remove her dread of sex and make children possible, but one of her worst breakdowns occurred right after the marriage. Her family blamed George Duckworth, but George had laid hands on Vanessa too, and Vanessa led a rich, lighthearted, erotic life.

The Woolfs, who married in 1912, remained affectionate companions and social allies throughout the years. With one simple printing machine they established a publishing house, the Hogarth Press. Virginia became an able compositor. As a writer she received a consistently good press, and because her novels were so close to her private imaginings, she felt a good notice was "a certificate of sanity." With increasing assurance, she began using in conversation the marvelous gifts of perceptiveness that mark character studies like *Mrs. Dalloway*. Perhaps the culmination of her public life occurred in 1928 when she gave the Cambridge lectures that became *A Room of One's Own*. Vanessa remembered it as a noisy triumph. Ironically, the book is probably the most read of Virginia's works today. A witty and even-tempered polemic on

Chantilly
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BOOKS

sexual inequality, it is a basic text of the Women's Liberation movement.

But at about the same time, a diary entry reads, "I watch Vanessa Children. Failure. Failure, failure. (The wave rises)." She became again more unstable, and around her tragedy recurred. Vanessa's son Julian went to fight in Spain and was killed. Strachey died. When the World War II bombings began, both Virginia's and Vanessa's London houses were among the first to be demolished. In 1941 Virginia began to hear the hideous voices again.

For the umpteenth time, Leonard tried to save her from the rising wave of madness. But one of the horrors of her tragedy was that with part of her mind she could watch her own deterioration. On March 28 she put a heavy stone in her coat pocket and walked into the river Ouse, leaving her husband a heartbreaking note. "Everything has gone from me but the certainty of your goodness. I can't go on spoiling your life any longer. I don't think two people could have been happier than we have been. V."

■ Martha Duffy

Misuse of Arcadia

THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

by COLIN TURNBULL

309 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$7.95.

Colin Turnbull is an anthropologist shouting from the bottom of a very unpleasant moral pit that he seems to have dug with his own shovel. Turnbull practices total-immersion anthropology of the kind that Margaret Mead (a senior colleague of his at the American Museum of Natural History) made famous when as a young woman she went to live with tribes in Samoa and New Guinea. Though he lacks Mead's robust good sense, Turnbull is well remembered for *The Forest People*, which he wrote a decade ago about his years with the Pygmies of the Congo.

The Forest People was a charming, elegiac book about a "people...infinitely wise" and "without evil" who confirmed, the author said, "how the qualities of truth, goodness and beauty can be found wherever we care to look for them." Now, after living for two years in the highlands of north Uganda with a very different group of natives, called the Ik, Turnbull seems pursued by an equally simple but opposite conviction. The Ik, in Turnbull's description, are a paradigm of human nastiness. Their habits, he says, "it would be an insult to animals to call bestiality." By the end of this book the author's repulsion clots into hatred, in a crescendo of extraordinary statements: "Luckily the Ik are not numerous—about 2,000—and those two years reduced their number greatly. So I am hopeful that their isolation will remain as complete as in the past, until they die out completely." Why? Because, he says, "the Ik teach us that our much vaunted human values are not inherent in humanity at all." There is



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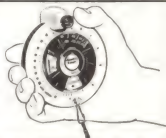
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UNDERNOURISHED IKA GIRL
Gorge till they vomit.

no denying the Ika are ignoble savages. Turnbull reconstructs their past—often on the basis of what he admits is “guesswork”—as a once more numerous society that hunted the broad valley below their present home, retreating only seasonally into the mountains. Creation of a game reserve a generation ago penned the Ika into the mountains, forcing them to farm. Then they were afflicted by drought, hunger, isolation, technical inadequacy, disease.

Turnbull relates the ghastly results, a breakdown of social relations so total that today healthy men and women, given food in plenty for their families, will gobble and gorge until they vomit, rather than share anything even with their infants. It was common, he writes, “to see the very young prying open the mouths of the very old and pulling out food they had been chewing.” Children are torpid and withdrawn. If a man’s wife fails by the roadside, he will leave her to die, then grumble if someone else robs the body first. The old, weak or blind will be tripped, pushed off balance, and at the last ignored as though dead while still alive. “Misfortune of others was their greatest joy,” says Turnbull. “There is no goodness left for the Ika, only a full stomach.”

Turnbull compiles the details of the Ika’s anti-Arcadia with the obsessive repetitiveness of a man who cannot get his hands clean. Incredibly, he asserts that the Ika way of life is contagious. The Ika have power, he writes, “to work their magic around them—perpetuating their survival system.” A theologian might recognize the source of Turnbull’s trouble more quickly than a brother anthropologist: Turnbull has discovered the reality of evil. The shock has tumbled him from the single Pe-

lagian optimism about man’s moral perfectibility that he entertained in his Pygmy days into another error, radical pessimism about man’s depravity.

The best tradition of anthropology has been to celebrate alternative ways of living. The temptation has been to overstate the lessons. Tough, well-stuffed minds like Margaret Mead’s have created their classics by permitting the reader to draw the minatory comparisons. But recent pop social science has been less fastidious. Turnbull, in an enormous magnification, projects his ghastly pictures of Ika guilt onto the future of Western technological society. “In one dramatic generation, they have leaped ahead and given us a taste of things to come,” he writes, and “they have replaced human society with a mere survival system that does not take human emotions into account.”

The Ika in their desolation are no longer a tribal society, as Turnbull must know: they lack the social structure to bear the weight of the thesis he tries to lay upon them.

•Horace Judson

Three Levels of Mitty

THE CLOCKS OF COLUMBUS

by CHARLES S. HOLMES

360 pages. Atheneum, \$10.

A biographer of James Thurber is almost certain to put himself inexplicably in the wrong, because whatever approach he takes—jocular, solemn, literary, psychological—he is likely to provoke satirical muttering from Thurber’s ghost. The tone of the present biography, an examination of Thurber’s literary career by a Pomona College English professor, is clonking and scholarly, and sure enough, muttering seems distinctly audible.

The first footnot is squirreled away after the book’s first sentence, and the 40th by page 14. But the book clonks with special resonance because it accepts as simple truth Thurber’s cheerful misremembrance (in *The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze*) that his grade school baseball team in Columbus had a 22-year-old centerfielder and several other athletes who had spent seven or eight years in the fourth grade.

The author is not pompous. A typical sentence, suitable for diagramming, goes like this: “He was a good student, and although he was well liked by his classmates, he was not a joiner or an activist.” Solid stuff, with a sensible content exactly suited to its style. Three hundred pages of it produce a book like one of those wistful, timid little men Thurber used to draw.

Thurber transformed his life into anecdotes, however, and most of the familiar stories are here, lumpy with paraphrase but still amusing. We are reminded of Thurber’s feats as a rewrite man for the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, his 20 successive rejections when he began submitting stories to *The New Yorker*, and all those cartoons on the

walls of Costello’s Bar. Harold Ross, *The New Yorker* editor, reappears in his role as the most woodenheaded genius in modern literature (Thurber made him funny in *The Years with Ross*, but he did not make him believable, a lapse that Biographer Holmes fails to note).

Holmes does, however, usefully point out the strength of Thurber’s Midwesternism, and his ties with Columbus, his home town. He shows the writer fumbling for a point of view: writing with outrageous sentimentalism, for instance, about a tennis match between Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen, then finding a way to blend the sentiment and fantasy in the woolly reminiscence of *The Night the Bed Fell*.

It may be that Thurber does not need a literary biographer. Holmes asks the reader to sit still and pay attention while he divides Thurber’s career into the “period of apprenticeship,” the “period of early success,” a third category of “blindness and reassessment,” and a “later manner.” He announces and then proves beyond doubt that he has discerned three levels of language in *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*. Confronted by Holmes, the reader’s mind wanders to *The Unicorn in the Garden*, to *The Night the Ghost Got In*. He imagines that he is writing *Walter Mitty*: ta-pocketa, ta-pocketa, go the typewriter keys. He remembers Thurber’s unsetting word games—mice in chimes, lips in pistol—and plays a game of his own that he has played before: *her, hurt, rue, brute in Thurber*; the battle of the sexes, the dogs. What hides in *Holmes*? S.O.L.E.M? No, it doesn’t quite work. M.O.T.E does, though.

•John Skow

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (2)
- 3—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (3)
- 4—The Winds of War, Wouk (6)
- 5—The Odessa File, Forsyth
- 6—On the Night of the Seventh Moon, Holt (4)
- 7—To Serve Them All My Days, Delderfield (8)
- 8—The Breast, Rath
- 9—Captains and the Kings, Caldwell (9)
- 10—The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing, Durham (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—I’m O.K., You’re O.K., Harris (1)
- 2—Superman, Smith
- 3—Eleanor: The Years Alone, Losh (3)
- 4—The Peter Prescription, Peter (2)
- 5—O Jerusalem!, Collins and Lopera (5)
- 6—Open Marriage, Nana and George O’Neill (4)
- 7—A Nation of Strangers, Packard (6)
- 8—Lucy and His Empire, Swanberg
- 9—The Joy of Sex, Comfort
- 10—Paris Was Yesterday 1925-1939, Flanner

Erratic Bust

SAVAGE MESSIAH

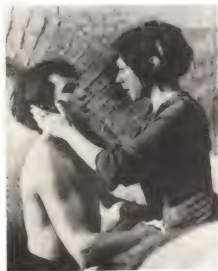
Directed by KEN RUSSELL

Screenplay by CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Ken Russell is a director whose appetite for excess verges on petulance. His enterprise in films like *The Music Lovers* and *The Devils* was not to reconstruct history but to disembowel it; one felt that if he were to try a biblical spectacular, all the extras would be wearing Mickey Mouse wristwatches. His directorial tone has the subtlety of a timp roll played on an eyeball. A new Russell film, particularly one about an artist (the dramatization of artists' lives being his forte, or rather his fortissimo), is therefore to be approached warily—especially with a title like *Savage Messiah*. What squalling imp have those nuns of Loudun now suckled?

In fact, a comparatively restrained one. The messiah in question was Henri Gaudier, a gifted French sculptor who, having emigrated to London, became a central figure in the avant-garde before being killed in World War I at the age of 24. Russell's theme is the long, violent and platonic love affair between Gaudier and a neurotic Polish writer almost twice his age, Sophie Brzeska, whose name he joined to his. Hampered by poverty, his life truncated at a moment when most artists are only beginning to work, Gaudier-Brzeska did not produce a large body of sculpture; but he was an indefatigable letter writer, and much of his correspondence survives. The letters—like the sculpture—reveal a marvelously vivid mind, impassioned, quick, generous, with flashes of precocious subtlety.

Russell's Gaudier (Scott Anthony)



ANTHONY & TUTIN IN "MESSIAH"
Stereotyped boho.

has the ebullience and charm of the original, if not the depth: the sculptor emerges as a stereotype of the rollicking boho, leaping over beds and smashing dealers' windows, spouting off against Establishment art values from the top of an Easter Island head in the Louvre, and performing unlikely—and, in real life, unrecorded—feats of gymnastics like carving a marble torso several feet high in six hours flat to impress a dealer. Sophie Brzeska is played by Dorothy Tutin—an elegantly controlled and touching exercise in tight, fey dottiness.

Alas, the context in which Russell sets these performances is obtuse to the point of caricature. Did Gaudier-Brzeska have a mistress? Then she must be a pneumatic and witless art groupie (Helen Mirren), daughter of a landed cavalry officer, who does her obligatory nude scene on the staircase of an immense, frigid Adam country house; she must also be a suffragette, which gives Russell much opportunity for lumpen-sextist travesty by having her do a song-and-hop number about votes for women in a nightclub and then, at Gaudier's demand, drop her knickers onstage. Around 1912, the real-life Gaudier was commissioned to do a portrait bust of a Major Smythies, who—considering the time and place and the modernity of Gaudier's work—can hardly have been a fool. Russell turns him into a florid cross between Kaiser Bill and Colonel Blimp, querulously posing in a drawing room on a white horse.

Do such absurdities matter? Not if Russell's aim was slapstick parody. Yet, to judge from his publicity, Russell believes that his erratic mediation between Vasari and Groucho Marx tells some truth about the creative processes of his hero. But it does not, and so Gaudier-Brzeska joins the line of artists—Gauguin, Michelangelo, Van Gogh—whom the movies have turned into silhouettes of the romantic outsider. ■ Robert Hughes

Children's Hour

THE DEADLY TRAP

Directed by RENÉ CLEMENT

Screenplay by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
and ELEANOR PERRY

Buried beneath the rubble of what once must have been a plot is a good idea. Two children (Michele Lourié, Patrick Vincent) are trapped in a cavernous old mansion, locked inside an abandoned room by a sinister and anonymous adult captor. A premise like this offers abundant opportunity to explore the fears and phantoms of childhood, perhaps even its pathology, and to investigate the same dark corridors that Richard Hughes probed in his magical novel *A High Wind in Jamaica*. Surely we might have expected René Clement,



DUNAWAY & LANGELLA IN "TRAP"
Back to his equations.

the director of *Forbidden Games*, to take at least a similar course, but from the look of *The Deadly Trap* the thought never occurred to him. Neither, apparently, did much else.

Far from being the subject of this flaccid thriller, the children are gimmicks, vehicles for a couple of nasty turns that the story occasionally musters the energy to take. The film's focus—gaudy at best—is on the parents, a mismatched pair of young marrieds living testily together in Paris.

Faye Dunaway, the mother, has the gaunt and skittish look of someone who has not quite fully recovered from a recent famine. Frank Langella, the husband, is constantly petulant, like a male model who has just had his week's bookings canceled. He is, however, supposed to portray an author, and spends some time looking at slides representing various facets of modern architecture. Dunaway apparently does not comprehend the exact nature of his work, for when he seizes her rudely one night and tries to have his way with her on a table top, she spurns him with a nasty "Why don't you go back to your equations?"

There are a great many other such inconsistencies, perhaps furnished by the charitable scenarists as a game, like one of those "What's Wrong With This Picture?" illustrations in puzzle books. As for the two kids, it turns out something called "the organization" is responsible for spiriting them off to the old house. Frank, it seems, was formerly an industrial spy of the first rank. He has been trying to go straight, but "they" won't leave him alone; "they" threaten drastic measures if he doesn't accept another assignment. Dunaway and Langella are desperate, desolate at the loss of their children, although their performances are so consistently immune to emotion that we have only their word on that. ■ Jay Cocks

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The Scary Hens

Their official nickname is the Fighting Blue Hens, but the University of Delaware's football teams are anything but chicken. Columbia found that out in 1955 when they invited the small-college team to Manhattan for a friendly scrimmage—and got clobbered 55-0. Two years later Colgate went to Delaware for another supposed tune-up, and the Hens scored the first eight times they had the ball.

The word on Delaware has been out ever since, but some teams have still had to learn the hard way. Last year, after being bludgeoned by the Hens for the third straight season, Rutgers announced that it would not play Delaware after the 1973 season. Admitted Rutgers Athletic Director Al Twitchell: "We haven't been trying too hard to get together with Delaware on scheduling because they're a small college and we're supposedly a major college." Other major Eastern teams such as Colgate and Holy Cross also refuse to play the Hens.

Undefeated in eight games this season, and heavily favored to cop their second straight national small-college championship, the Hens are obviously getting too good for their own good. Many of their rivals in the N.C.A.A.'s small-college division—a category determined by the caliber of competition—have also had enough. Boston University, beaten 49-12 by the Hens this season, and Lafayette, downed 27-0, have already banished Delaware from their future schedules. Gettysburg, a 64-7 victim, wants out after 1973. New Hampshire Coach Jim Root was so stung by a 40-7 loss to Delaware last

year that he left his job rather than "subject my team to that again." Says he: "They're absolutely overwhelming. They should play teams like Ohio State, Notre Dame and Alabama."

Delaware Coach Harold ("Tubby") Raymond shudders at the thought. "It disturbs me," he says, "because we're not in that category. Success runs in cycles, and we've just happened to have good kids who played great football the last few years." Raymond insists that winning is secondary to "providing an academic interest for the kids and giving them a program where they can get the thrills and excitement of college football."

The pitch may sound like it comes from the back of a Wheaties box, but it is not without some supporting evidence. While Delaware's male undergraduate enrollment of 5,800 is larger than that at some schools competing in the major-college division, it has none of the trappings of the so-called "football factories"—big budgets, big stadiums, nationwide recruiting. Since the Delaware team has no trouble meeting its modest yearly budget of \$150,000, Athletic Director Dave Nelson discourages alumni contributors. "Let them give to the philosophy department," he says. Each year Delaware metes out a mere twelve football scholarships—less

proach," are the Blue Hens the perennial scourge of the East? Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian suggests that it has to do with their high-powered winged-T offense. He should know. Last winter, looking to rev up the Irish offense, he studied the Hens' game films and was so impressed that he instituted "Plan Delaware." Now Parseghian and Tubby Raymond compare notes after every game. After one Notre Dame victory, Tubby told Ara: "If you don't get that man in motion going sooner and keep the quarterback up to the line better, you'll lose your franchise."

Now it is Raymond who stands to lose his franchise in small-college football. Sometime within the next decade, Delaware has plans to phase its football team into the major-college division—if the Hens can find anyone who will play them.

Showdown at Trafalgar

After a hard day on the battlefields, medieval warriors used to unwind with a spirited round or two. The Pilgrim fathers had it on the *Mayflower*. And even good King George VI and his wife Queen Elizabeth were known to have had a fling. Over the centuries, the venerable game of darts became such a craze, in fact, that in 1939, on the eve of World War II, the British House of Commons engaged in a heated debate over the banning of darts in Scottish pubs. Darting not only fostered "ne'er-do-wellism," a Scottish magistrate had ruled, but it was "a dangerous game, likely to attract some people who are not too steady in hand." Bloody nonsense, said Home Secretary Samuel Hoare, and the Commons supported him. If nothing else, he said, the game was socially commendable as "a distraction from the mere business of drinking." Sir Samuel's decree: Darts away!

Today, more than 5,000,000 British enthusiasts are pitching at the pug (bull's-eye), and darting claims more participants than any other game in the sports-mad land. Thus when some upstart Yanks recently challenged the vaunted British there was open scorn in London pubs. "It's like snooker," sniffed one expert. "You figure that the best in Britain are the best in the world." Mrs. Jacqueline Eagan, 44, one of three American team members who survived an elimination tournament among 5,000 of the U.S.'s top tossers, figured differently: "We expect to beat the British on their own game."

The showdown was staged a fortnight ago in the chandeliered Nelson Room of the Trafalgar Tavern hard by the Thames in Greenwich. The Americans had barely unpacked their darts when the wily British indulged in a bit of ye olde "putting off" (psyching your opponent). The white toe-line, they announced, would be set 7 ft. 6 in. from the board and not 8 ft. as in the U.S. U.S. Darter Jack Carr, 39, a pub owner from Hermosa Beach, Calif., responded



DELAWARE'S COACH RAYMOND IN ACTION
Too good for their own good?

than half the 25 allowed by N.C.A.A. rules—and draws more than 95% of its players from within a 150-mile radius of its Newark, Del., campus.

None of Raymond's players has ever made it in the pros; he prefers to point out that 60% of them go on to graduate school. Tackle Dennis Johnson, who at 6 ft. 5 in. and 262 lbs. is a bona fide pro prospect, says that he turned down offers from Penn State and Maryland because Delaware "put less pressure on me. Football is like a course here. You just don't get credit for it."

Why, with all the emphasis on what Raymond calls the "amateur ap-



JOHNSON (77) CRASHING THROUGH

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DEREK BATES



BRITISH DARTER SMITH TAKING AIM



U.S.'S THIEDIE FOLLOWING THROUGH
A song and an ale or three helps.

with some putting off of his own. "We'll continue to shoot from 8 ft.," he said gallantly, "because we are down to such a fine touch that any change would throw us off."

The rest of the ground rules were standard: each player would begin with a given number of points, shoot at a fiber board marked off in 20 pie-shaped sections with a score value of from 1 to 20, then subtract the points he scored in each three-dart round; each game had to be won on a double (zinging a dart into the tiny outer double ring) worth the exact number of points remaining. First to reach zero would win.

In the first best-of-three-game doubles match, Carr and Teammate Robert Thiede, 29, vice president of a New Jersey metalworking firm, stunned the crowd by winning the first game. Perspiring heavily under the arc lights, British Champion Tommy O'Regan, 33, a London milkman, allowed that he would take off his jacket but "I have a hole in my shirt." Then, zeroing in, the rosy-cheeked Irishman and his partner, Alan Cooper, a 34-year-old bricklayer, won the next two games and repaired to the bar for a victory gin and lemon.

Post One. British Women's Champion Mrs. Jean Smith, 43, a woodcutter garbed in a matronly blue dress, promptly dispatched the U.S.'s Mrs. Eagan (clad in a crimson pantsuit) in two straight games, tossed her red beret into the air and kissed her husband Denis. Carr and Thiede came back to post one victory, but at evening's end the score was 5-1 and Britannia still ruled supreme. Afterward, the consensus at the bar was that the Americans took their darting too seriously, that they needed to loosen up with an ale or three or even a burst of song—like O'Regan, for instance. Midway in the tournament, he had taken the microphone and caroled a sprightly air ("There's one fair county in Ireland..."). Good show, that.

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